"THE PRICE OF PLEASURE," A FASCINATING STORY BEGINS NEXT WEEK.

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The Yogi's Spell

or, The Man Who Lived Backward,

By ALLEN UPWARD.

I do not know what to think of this story, which was told to me by a friend. I cannot give it in his own words, because he did not tell it connectedly, but bit by bit—in fact, I had almost to drag it out of him—and he was frightened at the time.

He came into my room late at night—we live on the same staircase in the Temple—after first going past my door on his way upstairs. I did not notice anything peculiar in his tread as he went up, but a minute or two after the door had banged overhead I heard it open again suddenly, and he came clattering down the stone steps as if he were running away from something, and burst into my room. He was quite pale, and trembling all over, and his first words were to ask me for some brandy.

I had no brandy in the chambers, but I gave him some whisky neat, and he drank. I should think, half a tumblerful without stopping. Then he sat down in his usual chair, and I asked him what was the matter.

He said: "I've had a kind of fright. I expect you'd think it was all a trick, or a delusion, or something. I know you don't believe in these things."

"What things?" I said.

"Well" he seemed to have a difficulty in finding the right word—"psychical things, perhaps I ought to say. Not occult, exactly; not anything to do with spirits or that sort of nonsense—you know what I mean."

"Hypnotism, perhaps?"

"No. At least, I don't think so. That's the trouble. That's what upset me so just now. I thought it was hypnotism—at least, some powerful new kind of it. But now ——" He broke off and seemed to wince under his own thoughts.

"Is it anything private?" I asked. "Can you tell me what's happened? Never mind whether I believe it or not."

"It's so difficult," he said. "I hardly dare tell it to any one. It sounds like a sort of —well, either yarn, or else as though I had been made a fool of."

"Well," I said, becoming impatient, "either tell it to me or leave it alone. It's irritating to listen to mysterious hints that you don't intend to explain."

He seemed to see the force of this, and I could see that he was trying to find some way of beginning the story. At last he broke out into it somehow, but only after so many false starts and with so many interruptions and doublings that it was all I could do to follow him distinctly and keep him to the point.

"I must tell you first," he said, "though it has nothing really to do with the story, that I had a farewell visit from Beatrice today. I told you that her mother was trying to separate us because she saw that Bee was fonder of me than of her, and she was jealous. She worked on Bee's feelings of duty to make her ask me to let her mother live with us after we were married. You know what that means. I believe there are some mothers who would rather murder their children than to see them happy away from themselves.

"It did not mean a quarrel with Bee, and we kissed each other as usual when she came in—I have not to tell you that—but as soon as we got onto the subject of her mother I lost my temper and spoke out, and the result was we had a quarrel and she went away declaring she would have nothing more to with me.

"I was frightfully cut up, of course. I believe that if she had put her head back through the door and asked me I should have agreed to take her mother, though I had sense enough to see that it would only mean an endless lot of scenes of the same kind right through our married life. But, anyhow, I was in a sort of miserable state when a man doesn't care what happens to him.

"I went and dined in Hall. There were two Indians in our mess, and one of them was that chap who goes about in a huge white turban and keeps it on even in Hall. The Yogi, they call him. I can't remember his name, it's one of those interminable strings of Hindoo gibberish. Neither he nor the other man, who was a Mohammedan, took any wine,—so the captain and I had a double share.

"I don't care to talk to strangers as a rule, but I was in that excited state that I felt I must do something, and there was something about the Yogi that attracted me. I can hardly explain how. I asked him some questions, and we got onto the subject of metaphysics and Hindoo occultism and the rest of it.

"He said some awfully queer things, and I got so interested that after we had had our coffee and the Benchers had gone out I agreed to go round with him to Gray's Inn, where he said he lived.

"I found he had a set right at the top of a house in that row overlooking Gray's Inn road—Verulam Buildings, I think they are called. The rooms were very queer inside, almost entirely bare, with no carpet on the floor, and a sort of divan going round the wall of the room he took me into. There was one chair, which he gave me, and a little table, and he made me a cup of coffee, and fearfully strong, something like the Turkish coffee you get at the Trocadero.

"He did not take any himself, but he sat down on the divan and we went on talking. I told him about Bee, and the idea of time and space being innate, and he did not deny they were, but he said a Hindoo adept was able to project himself from one like that, and, in short, to control them. I can't remember half he said, or how it came about, but the long and short of it is that he asserted it was possible to reverse time, like an engine, and live backward.

"It sounds quite mad, I know, but he made it out quite plausibly, and, finally, he offered to prove it if I would consent. As I said, I was feeling desperate and excited, and—I can hardly tell how I came to imagine such a thing possible—it struck me as a sort of opportunity to undo my having quarrel with Bee and get back to the point at which we met.

"I pulled out my watch and saw it was twenty minutes past ten. I knew Beatrice would have come to a quiet about 4 o'clock, because that was the time she had fixed, and she never came late. So I said I should like to live back through six hours and a quarter.

"The Yogi handed me a small brass ring like a wedding ring and told me to put it on my finger and take it off again as soon as I wanted to come back into what he called Progressive Time. I put it on my left hand, and for a single moment I had a slight feeling of dizziness. I instantly took the ring off again, without being able to stop myself, just like a man in a dream, and handed it back to the Yogi, saying as I did so—Le-ve-ti-ca-te.

"As the words left my mouth I realized that I was living backward, and that the last thing I had said in taking the ring was —Very well, I'll see, don't you, that sounds weren't altered, only the order of time in which they were spoken!

"I can't express to you the extraordinary mental state that I seemed to be in. The part of me that does thinking was going backward, the part that looks on and criticises was perfectly unaffected. I felt as though I were standing on my head, position, I understood my own backward language, and yet I was keenly alive to the weird, unnatural character of it all.

"It was the same when the Yogi spoke, repeating his instructions backward—Emit Evissergorp, and so on. But it is hopeless to try to make you understand how I felt, if you have never had a similar experience.

"After I had looked backward with the Yogi for a minute or two he pulled my handkerchief out of my pocket, disarranged it, and passed it backward across my lips, leaving a wet stain. I then jerked the handkerchief back in a few neat folds in my pocket, and stretched out my hand to the empty coffee cup. I lifted it to my mouth and tilted it up, and as I did so I felt the warm coffee rising up my throat and flowing out of my mouth into the cup, which I gradually lowered to re-stove it.

"The taste was exactly as if I had been drinking, and, of course, there was no resistance on the part of the muscles of the throat, but the whole sensation was entirely novel. I can only describe it by saying that I felt as though I was being drawn inside out, while experiencing all the pleasure of the original draught.

"As soon as the cup was refilled I set it down again, and the moisture on my lips disappeared. My boot at once rose up, turned round, and walked backward to the table. It was like watching the movements of some one in a looking-glass. As he backed out of the room with the coffee, I felt myself jerked, as it were, out of my chair, and walking backward without trying to see where I was going.

"As I walked I found myself thinking backward. I laughed at the folly of the laws of an extinct Italian tribe being taught to natives of modern India, brought across the sea, in London. Then I turned round at the fireplace and found myself reading backward a paper which stood on the mantelpiece, headed noitaciNE lagel, fo lenneC, and which announced a forthcoming examination in Roman law.

"I was looking around the room, and resuming my first impressions of surprise and curiosity, when the Yogi entered, and I thanked him and said I should be glad. He then moved forward me, offering to go into the next room and make me a cup of coffee. After that we both backed out through the door.

"I went straight to where I had left my hat and stick in the little corridor, while the Yogi picked the end of a wooden match off a tray, blew it slight, lifted it to the gas-jet, and turned off the flame. He then applied the match to a box, which instantly put it out, and went on scratching several times before he restored the match to the box. These needless scratchings struck me as more unreasonable than any of the rest.

"Meanwhile I had gone up to my hat and stick with perfect confidence, but when it came to taking them from where they were I fumbled and hesitated, while my host told me to put them where I liked.

"At last we got outside, and my companion closed the door and locked it, and asked me to walk in.

"We went down the stairs backward, pausing to get breath on the landings. On the way we passed a stranger, who was coming upstairs. As we stopped to each other back to back I remembered that he was a friend of mine, and proposed to play with me. We exchanged nods as we passed, and then I began wondering who he was, and wishing he would come round to me. The motion of his legs as he ran back from me struck me as was a most curious sight, and yet it did not affect me as impossible.

"On my way down the stairs I reflected that the Benchers did not admit men as students who were living backward.

"As we reached the ground floor and passed out onto the pavement the Yogi told me that this was where he lived, and I wondered if it was rash on my part to venture into his rooms.

"As soon as we got into Holborn I had the spectacle of all the carts and omnibuses going backward in the same bewildering fashion. I soon got used to the general scheme of backward motion, but every new and then some trifling incident attracted my attention. For instance, we passed two carts standing opposite each other, and I saw the drivers seize their reins and lash their horses to extricate them deliberately, as it looked. Then they began to swear and grumble at each other, and then they rapidly drew apart.

"I noticed one man take an evening paper out of his pocket, mutter an oath, glance at it, partly unfold it and give it with a half-penny to a boy, who handed him a penny in exchange and began running in front of him and tossing him to buy a paper. All along Holborn there were other boys shrieking 'Zrut-W eht ir-aw!' I might

have been walking in some foreign capital listening to strange Slavonian or Magyar cries.

"The most weird part of the whole experience was that while in all my actions and some of my thoughts I took Retrogressive Time as a matter of course, that part of my mind which remained free from the confusion—whatever it was—was all the time trying to accommodate itself to the experience and failing. Thus I could not get it out of my head that there was some risk of colliding with the people who were approaching me from behind, whereas, of course, that was impossible. The only risk was from the people I could see, one of whom, just after we had backed past each other in perfect safety, stopped to apologize, and then suddenly flung himself against me. He then drew back, lifting a paper before his eyes, and slowly receded.

"When we got back to the Temple we put on our dinner gowns and re-entered the half-empty hall in which the waiters were clearing away the dinner. As we approached our own table we said good-by and bowed to the captain of our mess, who bent down just before the soup after we had taken our seats, and I was just setting down my glass filled with wine from my lips, the Benchers appeared, marching backward up the hall, and followed by the mace-bearer. The senior Bencher then returned thanks, and we sat down to un-eat, as if I may so express it, dinner.

"The singularity of this process seemed increased rather than diminished by the number of those who took part in it. Mouthful by mouthful we restored our food to our plates, and those that had left the dishes, which the waiters came and carried away. It was very odd to hear them ask a man if he would like beef or mutton as they took his refilled plate and carried it off. All the time, moreover, our napkins were becoming smoother and cleaner the oftener we raised them to our lips.

"But what struck me as most singular was the spectacle of the bottles being refilled with wine. As I saw the liquid return from the glass and ascending the neck of the bottle, I realized that my present experience was a complete refutation of the metaphysical system of Kant. So far from the notion of time being a mere abstraction of the mind, I saw that it was intimately related to the most concrete motion of the universe. Its reversal involved the reversal of the law of gravity. I had no doubt that a similar test would dispose of the metaphysical doctrine of space, with the suggested fourth dimension.

"As we sat down our full glasses for the last time the members of the mess exchanged bows in the usual way, and we exercised each other's memories in conversation, of course, had retrograded through all its stages, till I found myself gnashing at the Yogi and wondering whether I should speak to him.

"A waiter now came, re-corked the bottles, and carried them away. Shortly afterward the butter came to take our wine, collect the suffrages of the mess, and recollect the suffrages of the mess, and we became ignorant for the second time that our companions were teetotalers.

"The song having been carried out of the hall, the senior Bencher read the grace before meat and retired with his brethren. A short coffee-drinking ensued, which I found myself back down the hall wondering where I had better sit. After getting back per dinner money I reached the dressing-room and in due course unwashed my hands, the soap water becoming clearer in the process.

"Said at heart, for my recent parting with Beatrice was now engrossing my thoughts, I made my way back to my own chambers. At this stage I had a fresh shock, for as I came to the door-latch, as you know, is fastened by a spring lock, it made a bang and flew open of its own accord, coming into contact with my outstretched hand. This further and still more decisive refutation of the Kantian metaphysics I threw my ideas into utter confusion, and I simply resigned myself to whatever might happen.

"I sat in a chair for some time recalling the incidents of the quarrel which was about to take place. At last I rose up, walked to my desk, sharpened a pen, and cut the engagement ring which I had given to Beatrice a year ago. I placed it on the table with indignation, and shortly after went to the door, outside of which I heard her footsteps.

"It was with a feeling of the bitterest regret, almost despair, that I opened the door for her. She swept in past me, keeping her eyes steadily averted. I closed the door, and we turned together to my sitting-room. A few brief, bitter words—how well I remembered them!—were unsaid, and she picked up the engagement ring and restored it to her finger.

"As she slipped it on, or let it slip on itself, which would be a slightly more exact way to describe it, I had a moment of sharp pain, followed by a distinct lessening of the suffering I had experienced during the last few hours. As we went back through all the stages of our quarrels my sensations were exactly as though we were being reconciled. The grief between us narrowed every minute; our words became less bitter, more direct, then only serious, and then friendly, and in the end affectionate tender.

"At last we got back to the beginning of the interview. Bee rose from the chair in which she had been seated and moved toward me, and I advanced with the sensation of her kiss fresh on my lips.

"As I did so I was suddenly conscious of something lying on the floor. I felt as though I were a clock which had suddenly run down. I struggled and fought against the sense of confusion after me. Like a man cased in lead and unable to move, I watched slightly downward those whose own movements had been stricken with the same ghastly torpor. Our faces bent one toward the other, as they approached within three inches—one—two—

"The period of Retrogressive Time had ceased.

As my poor friend uttered these words he nearly broke down, so strong was the effect on his mind of the whole scene. Even I, who had gone through—dream, hallucination, whatever it was—felt moved to might be called. He resumed slowly:

"At this hideous moment my other consciousness, the part of me that had been looking on, asserted itself and reminded me of the Yogi. I was startled to find the Yogi, who I had forgotten, sitting in front of me, tell me to look at my watch.

"I pulled it out again. It was twenty minutes past eight.

"I had not looked very closely the other time, but I was certain that it could not have been a few seconds lost, but the minuts hand did not appear to have moved. My left hand was resting on the round of the brass ring, but I could not see it.

"I looked at the Yogi, who, as he replied, 'It is where you left it in Retrogression and Progression.'

"I did not believe him, of course; I professed to treat the whole thing as a mare-ing, and we had a discussion. I was determined not to let him know what a shock I had had, and he, of course, I came away as soon as I could.

"I came straight home. As soon as I was inside my chambers and had let the gas I found this thing lying in the middle of the room."

As my friend ceased speaking he took out of his pocket a piece of string like a weaving ring and laid it on the Table between us.—The Strand.

A BIT OF EDELWEISS.

BY ALEXANDER SMALL.

I.

"I must get a seat somewhere; I'm not going to be left behind."

He was an American, flushed, perspiring and irritated, clear Philadelphia to the core. The train—one of the old-fashioned sort made up of compartments, entered from the side of the car—had come to a stop and had stopped for a few moments at Laon, and he had pushed open the door of the compartments seeking a seat, but had been met with the curt reply, "Impossible; you can't come in here; we're crowded already."

At last a pleasant female voice was heard saying: "Come in, sir; there is room for you here: there's plenty of room," and to George Mitchell's delight, for he was tired, and the young lady invited him to enter. He responded with alacrity, the door was shut by the guard, the whistle blew, and presently the train resumed its journey.

That was a pleasant journey. He found a good-humored, stout gentleman in the car. "You see, in bad weather and long journeys like this we try to get as few passengers as we can for the sake of the ladies."

"Oh, but we're very comfortable," said the young lady who had opened the door, smiling sweetly at George Mitchell.

"I'm infinitely obliged to you," he responded, and then he put his grip up on the rack and took his seat opposite them.

"You see," he resumed, "it's my first experience of travelling on the Continent, and I got into the wrong portion of the train at Calais, and had to change here. If I'd been left behind I should have missed my steamer afterward. I'm going on to Grindelwald."

"Ah! so are we," said the lady, evidently including the whole company in the compartment, for whom there were six.

On rushed the train through the sultry night—for it was the month of August—and for the first time in his life George Mitchell had the strange experience of travelling all night with other fair ladies whose names even he was ignorant of. There was not much sleep for anybody; all made themselves as comfortable as they could, curling up into corners or up against each other's shoulders, stretching their feet on to seats, and dozed off into short snatches of slumber from which they could be awakened whenever they stopped at a station. The moon came out and flooded with silver light the beautiful scenery around them, but they were too tired to say much. At length, to their great delight, they reached Berne, and after a wash up they met together in the station restaurant and breakfasted at the same table. By the time they had reached the little mountain village of Grindelwald which nestles under the giant shadows of the Eiger, the Monch and the Wetterhorn, the little company had become quite friendly; and they put up together at the Bear Hotel.

It was a glorious evening; they had finished dinner, and were lounging in easy-chairs on the verands of the hotel and looking away into the great precipice of rock that towered before them and shone like a wall of copper in the warm rays of the setting sun. They had fallen into two groups, and George Mitchell had found himself seated between two ladies.

"I think we might as well introduce ourselves now," said the young lady on his right. It was she who had opened the car door to him. He had not noticed her particularly then; but he had discovered since that she was very attractive looking, with a pleasant smile on her cherry lips and a twinkle in her dark brown eyes, and hair that rippled over her fair brow. Her voice was very musical.

"Yes, I think we should," said her friend on the left. "Allow me to introduce my friend, Miss Eilleen Muriel Langdon, of London, an accomplished young lady of distinction."

"Oh, Florrie!" said Eilleen, blushing, while George Mitchell bowed gravely. "And allow me," said Eilleen, "to introduce my friend, Miss Florence Mortimer, of London, a well-known society beauty."

"You wicked creature!" interrupted Florence. Eilleen went on: "But at present hiding her golden light under a bushel by residing at the Home for Lunatic Hospital."

Again George Mitchell bowed. "A nurse?" he asked. "Allow me to offer you my card."

"Oh, very well indeed."

"It's the fate of nurses, you know, always to—" Eilleen's lips closed.

"Always to wed the doctors," interrupted Florence, and Eilleen blushed and Florence smiled. There was an engagement ring on her finger, he observed.

"I'm sorry," he went on, "that I haven't a distinguished name," and he handed them his card. "I'm a New Yorker, I suppose, and engaged in—journalism.

"Oh, Florrie," said Eilleen, turning together, had some music in the parlor—for Miss Eilleen sang divinely—and strolled about the verandas, looking at the stars and over the snowy mountain peaks.

"Oh, Florrie," she said, "it thunder"—said George Mitchell, as a prolonged reverberation filled the air.

The ladies smiled.

"We thought so, too, the first time we heard it, but it's only an avalanche; they're quite common here. You'll hear them often, probably, if you stay where we're going—at the mountain there."

"That will be delightful," he said.

When they returned to their hotel, the three had become one room between them, sat up late, talking about their new acquaintance.

"He's another clever and poor American," said Florence, "and with a most unromantic name."

"But he's so modest and intelligent—and so handsome," said Eilleen.

"Not to my good-looking."

"Yes; he is good-looking, with his dark brown hair and his clear figure. His eyes are gray, I noticed."

"You've got to sit up and read, Eilleen, are you?"

"Well, I'm not sleepy, and I'm so interested in this book. It's the most interesting novel I've ever read, I think."

"What is it?"

"The Temptation of Jasper Davenant,' by Stonewall Macdonald."

"Stonewall Macdonald! I wonder who he is? Now, that's a far nicer name than George Mitchell," said Florence. "I should body falling in love with a man called George Mitchell, wouldn't you?"

"Go to bed, Florence, and don't talk nonsense. You think nobody can fall in love with a plain name."

Meanwhile George Mitchell was seated in his bedroom, with his window open, looking out upon the beauty of the night. He could get no stern for excitement. It was his first night in the Switzerland. The sight of the Lutschine filled his ears as it rushed through the plains in the valley below, and opposite rose the dark, majestic forms of the mountains towering into the starry sky. He was quoting to himself:

"Sunrise and sunset lay thereon
And the early moon wide bestoon;
And stars of midnight pause to set
Their jewels in its coronet."

And so he fell asleep to dream of Eilleen's dark eyes.

II.

When they were at breakfast next morning in the beautiful dining-room of the Bear Hotel, with its view of the rolling and its outlook to the mountains, George Mitchell asked Eilleen if she had slept well.

"I was very tired," she explained, "reading a book, 'The Temptation of Jasper Davenant.' Have you read it?"

He blushed.

"No," he said, looking away in a confused fashion, "I have not."

"Oh! you know the author, perhaps? Do you know I would give a great deal to meet him."

"Oh, Eilleen's a regular hero-worshipper," said Florence, "and made over an author," explained Florence.

"Certainly I never read a book that so exactly described my own case as what I had often felt, you know, but couldn't express. Do you know Stonewall Macdonald?"

"Yes," he answered, with a peculiar smile, "I know him a little—pretty well, I may say."

"Eilleen's dying for an introduction, Mr. Mitchell," said Florence. "She has quite fallen in love with his name."

"Oh!" said Mr. Mitchell, in a somewhat disappointed tone. "What's in a name? I assure you," he said, turning to Eilleen, "you would be quite disenchanted to meet him: he's a very ordinary man, absolutely nothing romantic about him."

"The guides have arrived, ladies," said the tall, handsome waiter, a man who was master of four languages—and the party rose, and the conversation broke off.

"I didn't know it was so late," said Florence, looking at her watch. "We must go and get ready, Eilleen."

The rest of the day was a revelation to George Mitchell. For the first time in his life he found himself, equipped with a hand, climbing one of the mountains of the Bernese Oberland, winding over the slippery green ice, leaping the crevasses in the great glacier, and witnessing distant avalanches. The air was exhilarating, there was not the slightest sense of fatigue, the sunshine was dazzlingly bright, all around him were miles upon miles of snow and ice, and a bewildering succession of sharp crystal peaks cutting the blue dome of heaven.

"It's like paradise!" he said, enthusiastically, and he talked as he had never talked before.

When the young ladies were alone again in the evening, Florence said:

"I was quite wrong, Eilleen, in my first impression of Mr. Mitchell. He is quite romantic, and has done nothing but quote poetry all day. I'm sure he's a great acquisition, and I feel quite indebted to you for taking pity on the poor fellow and opening your heart to him."

"Florence, Florence!" said Eilleen, shaking a waving hand, "you're making Jack Oliver and make him jealous, and then we'll come to Switzerland and there'll be a duel. Mamma will be in a fearful state, and I'm responsible for your behavior."

"Eilleen's engaged to Jack Oliver."

"Listen to the child!" she said, "talking of engagements. He proposed to an engaged lady six years older than herself."

And then they relapsed into silence, and Florence dropped off to sleep, but Eilleen lay awake.

"I like to collect photographs of my favorite authors," said Eilleen, next day to George Mitchell. "Do you think I could get one of Stonewall Macdonald?"

He started out of a reverie and smiled. "If you will allow me," he said, "I'll get you one," and she thanked him with a delicious smile. And then delayed into silence, and off to mountains and glaciers. When he came back to the hotel he found a carriage with a pair of fine horses waiting at the door.

"We are just waiting for you, Mr. Mitchell, to make up our number," said Eilleen, from the interior of the carriage. Florence and the company drove off. He hadn't the motivating force to remember that at the time he was quite content to go wherever Eilleen was. That there would be a rude awakening from the sense of bliss, or was a thought which he tried to put away. It was enough that he should enjoy the present. He had never been much in ladies' society; he was forty years old, and his hair was beginning to get thin, and he was bashful and reserved, and, above all, he was poor. And here he was in the midst of the love of a young, handsome and accomplished woman like this! Were his thoughts as the carriage bowled along the road between vine-clad slopes, or by the side of a rushing stream, full of fish, tempted by Florence offering him a penny for his thoughts.

"They're worth more," he promptly retorted.

"So like an American!" said Florence's uncle, a stout old gentleman with nose-glasses.

"I believe he means to print and sell them," said Florence.

But George Mitchell was happy, for he had Eilleen's dark eyes opposite him, and her face, which looked lovelier than ever than at the scenery; though they drove through the lovely valley of Lauterbrunnen and saw its waterfalls, and had their al luncheon together at a hotel at Murren, and then, in the evening, while the setting sun was throwing a rosy glow on the vast mountain wall of the Wetterhorn, and bathing the whole valley in a golden light that was "a consecration and a poet's dream."

A week of such excursions went past all too soon, and they brought George Mitchell and his newly-made friends to Interlaken.

One day—it was to be their last at Grindelwald—they agreed to climb the Mittenberg, a mountain to get sidelweiss. So they set off—George Mitchell and the two ladies alone—with alpenstocks in hand, and mounted the small hill which headed up past the glaciers, and after a rest at a hut, they went on again.

"What a pretty figure she makes!" said George Mitchell to himself with admiration as he looked at Eilleen, who was a few yards in front of him, and waving her alpenstock to urge him on. She wore a dark green dress, and an Alpine hat on her head, with some crimson color at her neck; on her head she wore a Tam-o'-Shanter cap, which set off to perfection the piquant face beneath.

"I should just like to photograph you standing there," he said. "May I?"

He took out his kodak and the camera and in two minutes it was done.

"Now, friends me," said she, "that you were to give me—"

"Stonewall Macdonald's photograph? All right; I'll write to you as soon as we get down."

"Oh, I'll have there is any edelweiss up here?" interrupted Florence, pausing on the steep ascent to take breath. The village had disappeared, and they were alone.

"Oh, lots!" said Eilleen. "You mustn't begin to throw cold water on the enterprise now, my dear."

"I'd do something else with the cold water if I had it," said Florence, fanning her heated face with her handkerchief. "That Excelsior is the word, I suppose?"

"What do you do with the edelweiss when you get it?" asked George Mitchell, as they resumed climbing.

"Don't you know?" said Eilleen; "why,

COMES A TIME

When Coffee Shows What It Has Been Doing.

"Of late years coffee has disagreed with me," writes a matron from Rome, N. Y., "it's taste changed, and was no more 'high' and dizzy, and it seemed to thicken up my blood.

"The heaviest was when it upset my stomach completely, destroying my appetite and making me nervous and irritable, and sent me to my bed. After one of these attacks, in which I nearly lost my life, I concluded to quit and try Postum Food Coffee.

"It went right to the spot! I found it not only a most palatable and refreshing beverage, but a food as well.

"All my ailments, the 'loginess' and dizziness, the unsatisfactory condition of my blood, my nervousness and irritability disappeared in short order and my sorely afflicted stomach began quickly to recover. I began to rebuild and have steadily continued until now. Have a good appetite and am rejoicing in sound health, which I owe to the use of Postum Food Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," found in each pkg.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

BY GUY DECKER.

Mr. Bend was a dry-goods merchant doing business in Broadway. He employed a number of girls, among whom for him many of the articles he sold.

In a few years he had amassed quite a fortune, and he now lived in Madison avenue in a fine, stately mansion.

He had a son at college—a fine, noble young man, whose ideas were somewhat different from his father's. He scorned this, after leaving college, by falling in love with one of the girls who worked for his wealthy parent. The name of this young woman was Martha Stephens. She was intelligent, refined and of a domestic nature—just the one to please the fancy of Richard, who, of a lively nature himself, preferred the sedate of the other sex.

Mr. Bend stormed violently when Richard announced his intention of marrying Martha.

He at once discharged the young girl from his employ, leaving her to the extremity of want and suffering, as she had a crippled mother and sister to look for support.

Pale as death, she entered the apartment where her mother sat on the evening she was discharged.

Mrs. Stephens endeavored to console her child.

"Perhaps we may hear from your uncle while you are looking for employment," said she.

Martha shook her head.

The uncle alluded to was Robert Stephens, brother of the mother of the young girl, who had been absent from home, doing business in San Francisco, for many years.

He had, until the past few months, been in the habit of occasionally sending small remittances to Martha's mother, which much benefited thereby.

Why he should so do so was a mystery to Mrs. Stephens, who, however, concluded that he must be sick.

Martha, however, knew that he had been lost at sea, as in his last letter he had stated his intention of coming home, and the young girl had soon after read in a paper an account of the burning of a vessel with great loss of life, bound from Portland, Oregon, to San Francisco.

Even while Martha was desponding, however, there came a knock at the door, which being opened, admitted Richard.

Mrs. Stephens had seen him before, and liked him very much.

He stayed on this occasion two hours, and before he left, Martha had consented to be his wife.

He had not concealed from her the opposition of his parent to his union, and she had said:

"No, Mr. Bend, I will not make trouble between you and your father."

"You love me?"

"Yes, I could not express how much."

"Then I will wait on him," he said Richard firmly, "even if my father disinherits me, as he has threatened to do."

"I cannot consent to cause you all this trouble."

"It will make no difference about father's money," answered the high-spirited young man, "as I would not now accept a dollar from him, whether I married you or not."

Martha's eyes beamed proudly at the young man's words, as another impediment to her union with him was now removed.

He could not think, even had he been inclined to do so, that she married him for his money, if she accepted him.

She put her hand in his.

"I am yours," she said.

The wedding was fixed for the following week. A few friends were invited to the day came, and Martha Stephens and Richard Bend became man and wife.

The evening of the very day of his marriage, received a letter from his father, disowning him, and holding him never to darken his doors again.

For this he did not care a pin.

He engaged humble lodgings for himself and wife, and obtained a situation as clerk in a newspaper office, at a salary of one fifteen dollars per week.

Martha and he were very happy. The crippled mother found, with these two, a home, both often denying themselves that they might obtain for her luxuries.

To Richard, who had been used to all the luxuries of wealth, the life he now seemed rather depressing, yet he never complained.

Whenever a cloud came over his brow there was Martha, ready to cheer him with a smile and kind word.

She kept their three little rooms in the neatest order, and her cuisine was excellent. Housekeepery, and whenever he came home and saw the cleanly-swept oilcloth round the hearth, the fire piled upon it and the canary hopping about in its cage on the window sill, the little home was transformed into a paradise.

Martha was ever ready to wait upon him. to contribute to his comfort in a thousand ways. The moment he finished his supper and rose, glancing round him in a certain peculiarly wistful manner, she, knowing what he wanted, would run and bring him his pipe and tobacco.

Then there were his slippers ever at hand, and when he had passed remarks of fresh water was brought to him before he could leave his chair to help himself. Sometimes he would smooth her hair and tell her she must tire herself by waiting on him so much.

But this always had the effect of making her more anxious and eager than ever to administer to his wants.

The effect of these things upon Richard was happy in the extreme. His love for Martha kept increasing, while she, feeling that such was the case, bloomed in her married life and became lovelier than ever.

Finally came business troubles. The newspaper where he was employed failed. He found it hard to obtain employment elsewhere.

Finally he took to writing for the press, and thus earned a few dollars weekly. He worked hard, and by dint of constant application, earned ten dollars weekly. His experienced none of those coarse rebuffs of which some contributors complain. Publishers and editors always treated him kindly and courteously, and were really sorry when they could not use his articles.

He was more successful than he had anticipated. Everybody seemed friendly to him, and glad to help him along.

Nevertheless, the wages he earned were rather small. He did his best to hide her necessities, but he could not help perceiving that she needed a new dress, shoes, and other things.

The crippled mother-in-law was taken sick. A doctor was summoned, and Richard found it hard to pay him.

Two of the papers for which he wrote began to retrench expenses.

He was now almost thrown out of employment.

He strove hard to get work, but in vain. Martha grew pale and thin. He procured a basket, bought a stock of shoe blacking, shirt studs, shoe laces, etc., and went round peddling them.

When he came home he wrote a humorous article on "Peddling," and sent it to the Jolly Joker.

The Jolly Joker sant him ten dollars for it, and, like "Oliver Twist," wanted more. On the strength of that "more" he bought his motherin-law a pair of rare old wine, and for Martha purchased a pair of French boots for seven dollars. He wrote "more" for the Jolly Joker, but, alas! the poor Joker had collapsed, and was no "more."

Martha received a letter from her uncle's attorney, stating that he had died on the passage from Portland to San Francisco, bequeathing every penny of his wealth—five hundred thousand dollars—to her!

This was settled in a month, and Martha found herself with half a million.

The lawyer also informed her that his father had failed—had become bankrupt.

He had gone too largely into speculation, and thus lost all.

One day Richard, with Martha, stood in the window of a large dry-goods establishment, which he had set going with some thousands received from his wife.

On the other side of the way they suddenly beheld an old man, bowed and thin, with brushes and blacking, too worn to shelter his shaking limbs.

Richard at once recognized him, and so did his wife.

It was Mr. Bend!

The proud woman said nothing, but on the very next day she sent Mr. Bend a letter containing a check for five thousand dollars to begin business with again, the letter containing the simple signature, "A Friend."

The old man went almost mad with joy. He could scarcely believe his good fortune. He had no idea from whom it came, but was doing as well as ever.

Meanwhile he wondered who was the unknown friend, whom he had not yet been able to discover.

Finally, one of his confidential clerks being shown the letter, declared that it was Martha Stephens' handwriting.

The old man went straightway to the bank, and questioned the paying clerk, who immediately recognized the money on seeing the check.

This showed that some arrangement had been made between the "friend," whoever it was, and the bank official.

The man, however, had sworn to keep the secret, and would not divulge the name. Therefore there was no other way but to go to Martha Bend herself.

The old man did so, and the blushing wife owned that she was the giver of the check.

This was too much for Mr. Bend.

His hard feelings relaxed, sunshine entered his heart, and remained there forever.

From that moment he was a wiser and better man.

The kindness of Martha, who had so nobly returned good for evil, made upon him a lasting impression.

He insisted on paying her every cent of the money, regarding it in a loan, and, on paying it, said he was proud to know his son had obtained such a noble-hearted wife.

A reconciliation took place between father and son, and the old man to his dying day was heard to declare that his happiest moments were always passed with Richard and his wife.

And Martha—angel Martha—how she bloomed and brightened in those halcyon days!

Richard, meanwhile, steadily increased his business, so that in a few years he was able to refund all his wife's money.

Many years have passed since then.

The mother-in-law is now in her grave, and so is Mr. Bend.

But Martha and her husband, the parents of several blooming children, are yet living, enjoying themselves as those who truly love ever may.

They live among green willows and singing birds, in an attractive country home on the banks of the River Illinois, where they intend to pass the rest of their days.

He manly boy wants to depend on his parents for everything—and he needn't, either. Hundreds of boys all over the country are earning from $2.00 to $15.00 a week selling

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

It's the proper thing to send it to the person you love best in the world. I know who Florence will send hers to," she added, archly.

"Isn't giving just as good as sending?" asked Mr. Mitchell.

"Better," said Florence, promptly. "But I'm not going much further. I vote that we go down to the village again, and buy edelweiss; it'll be cheaper in the end than risking our precious lives here."

"Oh, Florence! I'm ashamed of you!" said Eilleen. "Look! I believe there's some growing up there."

"But who do you think's going to scramble up the face of a wall for it? I wouldn't go up there if I were paid for it."

"It seems a little steep," said Mr. Mitchell, looking up. "Would you really like me to get some for you, ladies?"

"Do, please!" pleaded Eilleen.

"All right, Mr. Mitchell," said Florence. "I'll be glad to get some, too, if you go; but I hope you've made your will.

He laughed.

"Here goes!" he said, lightly, and began the ascent.

They had reached a little plateau about seven thousand feet up. Above them towered the mountain in steep and slippery slopes, while beneath was a sheer precipice for a thousand feet, and below that the green ice-hillocks of the glacier. It was only as George Mitchell began to climb the steep ascent that he realized his dangerous position. The rock was slippery with a thin coating of half-melted ice and snow, and if he slipped he must inevitably fall over the precipice and be dashed to pieces on the green ice-ribs of the glacier below. He shivered at the prospect, his breath came quick, and for a few minutes stock as firmly as he could into the ground at every step. The ladies watched him from below with growing anxiety.

"You shouldn't have asked him to go, Eilleen," said Florence; "he's risking his life."

Eilleen grew pale.

"It looks dangerous," she said; I didn't think it was so dangerous. Oh!" and her heart leaped into her throat, for he made a momentary slip, but recovered himself.

"Do come back, please!" she pleaded; but love and pride beckoned him up.

He was now barely half a mile blossoms now; they were almost within his grasp. Another step, and he had seized them and turned to go with his prize; but at the same moment his foot slipped on the treacherous surface, and as he fell past the rock he let his trusty alpenstock out of his hands.

For a moment he had one swift vision of sudden death; he heard the ladies scream, he saw Eilleen spring as white as the snow, and his alpenstock reel and bound away into the abyss.

The next moment he knew he was safe, for he had gripped a sharp corner of the rock and checked his downward career. Trembling in every limb, but triumphantly carrying the precious blossoms, he safely reached the plateau where the ladies were, to find that Eilleen had fainted.

Florence, however, with the instinct of the professional nurse, was already applying such remedies as were at hand, and soon Eilleen's dark eyes opened, and she sat up and looked about her.

"It was foolish of me," she murmured; "but when I saw that alpenstock roll and reel down I thought you were falling, too. Oh, I'm so glad you're safe!"

"Excuse me, but I think we passed a little pool of water down there. I'll go down and bring some up for poor Eilleen," said Florence, and the two were left together.

Eilleen looked up shyly. "I'm afraid I must have been very nervous. But it was a pity it all that ended in only nothing."

"It was not for nothing. I secured the flowers, you see."

"Ah! and so David's mighty men get the draught of water from the well of Bethlehem."

"I'm not a mighty man, Eilleen; but I'm willing to run such a risk any day to fulfill a wish of yours. And now, will you let me do what is the proper thing to do with edelweiss—give it to the woman I love best in all the earth, and my heart with it?"

He held the little white woolly blossoms that he had secured at such a risk, and the love in his face was so full of yearning love that she could not mistake his meaning. Her pale face crimsoned as she took the gift into her trembling fingers. Her lips moved, but said nothing; her eyes filled with tears, and he misunderstood.

When Florence returned after a long and fruitless search for water, she found them sitting together holding each other's hands.

"I presume I may congratulate you both?" she said, with a smile. "But have you no edelweiss for me, Mr. Mitchell? Naughty man, to give it all away!"

When they returned to the hotel Eilleen saw her copy of "Jasper Davenant's Temptation" lying on a chair in the veranda.

"Oh, that reminds me," said George Mitchell, "that I have Stonewall Macdonald's photograph to give you," and he put his hand in his coat pocket and drew out a cabinet photograph and handed it to her. It was a portrait of himself.

"You!" she exclaimed, with surprise. "You are the author!"

"Yes," he admitted; "Stonewall Macdonald and George Mitchell are one and the same. It was the success of my book that enabled me to take a Swiss trip this year, and so brought me to you."

"But why didn't you give me this before, George," she asked, "since you had it in your pocket all the time?"

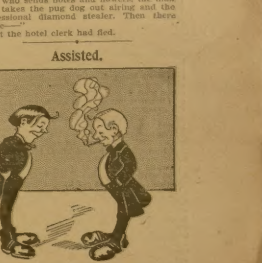
"Just because, darling, I wanted to be loved for myself alone, plain and unromantic as I am, and not as the well-known author of a successful book."

"As if I could ever love anybody but you!" she said, softly; and they went in together.

Naggsby—You say your wife's mind was affected by the loss of your fortune?

Naggsby—Yes: she lost her unreasonableness under the strain.

Assisted.



Jones—Were you bashful the first time you called on a girl?

Smith—Not at all. Her father helped me out.

Down in Dixie.

The old colored man was sitting on the fence suning up his fiddle when the tourist from the North came up to him.

"Uncle," said the tourist, "doesn't the present agitated state of the world worry you?"

"What's dat, sah?" asked the old man, turning the well-worn key.

"Why, war, for instance?"

"War? Huh! Ah hab a wife on a mule. Dey creates no' trubble den all de walks."

"Well, cyclones and floods?"

"Huh! Las' time we had a cyclone a strange bahn blew in mah yahd on nobody kno' whah claimed at yet, de flood cum washin' down de ribbah an landed three chicken coops right at mah door."

"Well, the last thing about that worry you?"

"No, sah. Ah libs on bacon an pones. Nuffin worries me, sah, nuffin 'tall." And the old man struck up a jig.

Too Expensive.

"Hiram," said Mrs. Ryetop, with a faraway look in her eyes, "Maude is getting to be a big girl now, and I think we ought to get her a planner."

"Not a bit of it," blurted Mr. Ryetop.

"An' why not?"

"Well, as soon as she gets a planner she'll be wantin' to have beaus an' the beaus will wear the sofa an' carpets out an' burn an extra ga'lon or two of coal every week. Then they'll be singin' around here 'way in the night until I forget to throw things at the cats an' throw things at them. No, by cricky, if Maudy must have music I'll get her a few'-harp."

Leading Lady.

The advance agent engaged a suite for Mme. Bigstar and made out:

"Male staff?" gasped the hotel clerk.

"Sure," replied the advance agent. "It includes the press agent, the chauffeur, the man who sends notes and dresses the hair, the taker-in of cast airing and the professional diamond stealer. Then there is Dinsmore."

But the hotel clerk had fled.

THE HEART OF THE RED PRINCESS;

A Tale of a Hidden City.

By PHILIP RUTHERFORD KELLAR.

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CHAPTER X.

THE RECORD.

Returning in a roundabout way to the front of the palace the Princess and I encountered Val. Maxatli and two members of the grand council. Val was standing apart, the other three talking earnestly. As we approached I noticed Val was smiling in a peculiar manner, and asked in English:

"Found anything?"

"A little, Jack."

The priest looked sharply at us.

"We have been discussing the games again. We have heard that Senor Jake is a wrestler, and as there is time yet we wish to take an active part. The participants, you know, will be nobles, not as great as you, but the best among us."

"Our friend must have been talking beautifully, Maxatli. He should prefer not to take part. The others might feel somewhat embarrassed, and not do their best."

"Oh, as for that you need have no fear, but of course if you do not wish to risk your laurels—"

"We are not holding back on that account, I assure you, my dear Maxatli, certainly we are not afraid of any danger which we might encounter here."

"Assuredly not, Senor Graham. I meant no such thing. I wondered if you might be a specialist in the use of the sword as we are."

"We have no use for swords, though we can use them."

"No? And what would you use instead?" the priest asked.

I took my rifle, which leaned against the building, and, holding it up, replied:

"This, sir priest. With it I could kill you and your two companions before you would have time to draw swords."

Evidently he thought my words idle, and I added in a huff:

"Yes, and I could kill you even before you would get near enough to touch me with your sword."

His smile changed to a grin. "Perhaps the Senor would show us that he has done this."

"Certainly." I was half angry. "Step to the end of the palace and see if I cannot kill you."

"Oh, but I did not mean it so. Try some other thing—a dog."

I smiled contemptuously. Val interposed.

"There is no need for such experiments. Besides, it grows late and audiences there are to be granted before I attended to by our friends, so we will leave them."

"Yes, we will leave them for other time, perhaps, I shall show you how easy it is to kill."

"Some other time? He who offers the Hon's mouth may be fortunate. The saying, you see, is 'he' the chariot of the sun surely against it."

Val seemed anxious to get away and we hurried to our rooms.

"What on earth is the matter, Val?" I asked when the door of my cell closed. "What has that infernal priest learned?"

"Be afraid the devil will be pay, Jack. After you left with the Princess I hunted up the Topiltzin and found him in what seemed a private office in the palace.

"He was as polite as ever. Asked me to command him, and gave me all the cigars I never. I told him shortly that I would like to be shown through the temple, if he had the time. Of course he had, and that eternal smile, too. I'm going to see if I cannot change it before we leave this country. I hate the man."

"If haven't any too much love for him, either," I murmured.

"Well," Val continued, "we went to the temple and into it through a private door which you have not seen, opening into the rear part close to the sanctuary, but not the opposite one from the vestry. That temple is a marvel, Graham. It can't be beat the world over. There's a set of rooms back of the sanctuary, too. After looking through the main temple, the vestibule and transepts, I believe you call them, Maxatli led me to the portion in the rear. It seemed meant for the offices and living apartments of the Topiltzin of Chapasco. But there is no good living in the rooms are equal to those of any royal palace of Europe, gold furnishings, studded and fretwork walls, lamps and candlesticks and brie-a-brac of gold and silver on all sides better than anything here in the palace.

"Well, tell me what happened." I interrupted.

"Wait a minute, now. We came to a large room which seemed half office and half library. There were tables and writing implements, quills and brushes, and around the walls were rows of curious manuscript books written on a sort of parchment sewed together and bound with thin boards at front and back. The priest left me here, saying he would be back presently, and asking me to excuse him. I was glad to get rid of him and sighed with relief when he disappeared through the curtained doorway.

"Val paused long enough to relight his cigarette, take two or three long whiffs, and threw the stub into the fire.

"After Maxatli left I stood in the middle of the room some minutes wondering what to do. The queer books attracted my attention and thinking I might find something in them about the customs and history of Chapasco, I took one down—one of the newest. It was written in Spanish, and good Spanish, too. I took down enough to return my thanks to my lucky star when I found the book contained a record written by Maxatli's predecessor, Gray's uncle. It was a history of Chapasco from the time he began his priesthood until he grew too old to write. I opened the book at the very place where was written the record of Gray's sentence to death. Our friend's name—rather your friend's name—was Huetzin. The record was written in great detail."

"Ah!" The tobacco smoke was very soothing, else I had made a little more ado about Val's revelation.

"The old priest," Val continued, "told everything he knew about the business. How he had found Huetzin in the temple that night, and inside the sacred glass case. That old priest was a shrewd man, Jack, and he might have guessed at the truth long for he gave his opinion, in his history, that Huetzin had stolen the sacred emerald from Chapasco, although both he and his brother the Prince had told the nobles how they had killed Huetzin. They afterward buried a body supposed to be Gray's. The old priest was shrewd enough to see the secret soon after his escape and ended this portion of his record with a question, however, and a hint.

Val stopped and rolled another cigarette. He lighted it very slowly and, becoming impatient at last, I said, a little vexed:

"Well, finish your story. What was it?"

"This," Val replied, "was the record left for something startling. "The man went from us unhurt, I believe. Let my successor be on the alert. Chapasco is now filled with strangers for Huetzin, or some one sent by him, will be here to-morrow, and will secure an entrance into the city and possession of the temple by representing themselves as being sent by Huetzin. The temptation will be great, and Huetzin is only a man."

"Is that all?" I asked, as Val replied to my story.

"Well, I was mightily interested and did not notice when the curtains over the doorway at the end of the room on my left were entered. A touch on my shoulder brought me to myself, and on turning around I saw Maxatli looking over my shoulder at the book. I stopped it to with a bang and asked him if he knew that he had. He contented to face the priest he had not moved. He was smiling, but he said:

"I have not read all the records of my predecessors, and none of my immediate ones. Is it interesting?"

"Quite so, for one of your race," I replied, "but I have read enough for both things.' I yawned. I was trying to run a bluff, but felt sure I could not succeed. I added quickly, 'I had grown tired and was looking for something to amuse me.'"

"Val paused and there was silence. I spoke first. "Do you think he has read the record?"

"Of course," my companion laughed quietly. "I left the room and after turning around for some ten minutes slipped back to the library. The priest was not there, but I found the book I had left open. I could see he was reading at the same place. However, I was satisfied that he had discovered. He thought I had returned to the palace."

"That is well for our spirits that we had little time to think of the possible effect of this discovery upon Maxatli, and shortly the noise of many feet sounded through the palace halls, as the guests began to arrive for the evening's feast. Some of the messengers from the god, Huemac. We hurried to the rooms assigned us, feeling high and nothing of the uncertainties lurking about in our minds showing upon our faces. We could still carry a brave front."

CHAPTER XI.

A BANQUET IN COLORS.

Every day at the palace of Chapasco ended with a banquet, and this was because we, as messengers of Huemac to all the people, were there. Every person a number of the middle class had been invited in addition to the nobles, who were always present. The banquet was the beginning to arrive when we reached the front of the palace.

It was a pretty picture we looked at from the doorway of the great banquet hall. The room was brilliantly lighted, its floor mosaics and couches were placed along the walls, leaving the center floor space vacant. In this space were the men and women, standing, walking, and at times sitting gracefully among the mandies of the men, richly plaited and embroidered or ornamented with quaint designs of feathers and furs; the bright tints of the short-sleeved, short-skirted garments of the women, and scalloped with tufts of finely-woven cotton, gold plates and thread work, and the ornaments worn by both sexes, necklaces and headdresses of turquois and emerald, with a sprinkling of pearls, made a color study attractive and fascinating.

The Princess, as hostess, was of course, in the middle of the floor, the group around whom all the others congregated. When she saw us in the doorway, where we had paused to watch the scene, she glided gracefully toward us, the most queenly person in the room, surely a very different woman from the one I had walked with through the trees in the afternoon.

On our heads she placed garlands of roses, thus marking us as the guests of honor. When I took the largest blossom from my garland and pinned it in her bodice of green featherwork she turned quickly away to greet a newly-arrived guest. But a moment later she returned, and leaving her chief maid of honor to receive belated guests, she led us to the outside.

The palace grounds were brilliantly lighted and decorated with torches and colored lanterns and lamps. All the fountains were playing. The approach to the doors and all the walks had been swept clean and strewed with flowers and herbs which gave forth delightful fragrance when we stepped upon them. Here and there were newly-built arbors of sweet-smelling cedar branches and garlands of gorgeously colored flowers. On little tables scattered through the fairyland were bowls of ocli, a delicious drink brewed from herbs, and cocoa, with perfumed cigarettes of the finest tobacco wrapped in fine shucks from the tender ears of maize.

Every one walked from place to place without restraint, singly, by twos and threes or in groups, complimenting the Princess upon the beauty of the flower beds and walks, the grace and charm of the sparkling fountains, the appropriateness and charm of the decorations. Their language was simple and extravagant, respectful but not cringing. When speaking to Val or me they bowed more deeply a little bit of awe in their voice and manner, but only slightly.

Presently Maxatli appeared, accompanied by Manrillo the Tlami, a leader of the council, and master of the royal household. This seemed to be the signal for which the Princess had been waiting, for at once she and we repaired to the banquet hall. Upon the dais, which was raised a few inches above the room we seated ourselves according to rank, the higher on the right, the lower on the left. Maxatli placed Val at his right and me with Zamora and the Topiltzin.

The banquet was a feast. A trained old gray-headed man, assigned each to his or her place, quietly and quickly. Then he stepped back and sank into one of the seats. Graceful female servants clad in spotless white, bringing dishes from the tables which were placed before the guests. Upon them were bowls of gold, silver and earthenware filled with fruit, with water, and towels of cotton so fine it felt like silk. After we had eaten the dishes and bowls were removed and smoking cones of curious shapes, filled with tobacco, were placed to all of us upon golden trays. We smoked in silence for five minutes.

Then the smoking utensils disappeared and in their places stood silver chafing dishes filled with steaming food, highly spiced, and beside these were plates of gold and silver, goblets and cups of the same costly metals, and also beautifully carved scented woods.

Then Manrillo Topiltzin walked to the center of the room with a small piece of bread in his fingers. In the brazier of burning coals he threw the bread, he threw his offering to the god of fire and stepped back a few paces with head of the room. Silently all the others followed his example, Val and I first after the Princess had bowed us, returned to their places and remaining standing with bowed heads. Then Val and I bowed, raised his hands and spoke the first words that had broken the silence of the time we had come to us from the palace grounds:

"O, Great Huemac, lord and ruler of all things, we thank you for the gifts of the things of the earth and air and water, we thank thee for all the blessings which you have and always be worthy of thy love and walk in the path thou wouldst wish us to walk."

The hum of many voices rolled like a wave, the clatter of dishes, the sound of merry laughter and of witticisms passed from one to the other. Each article of food was discussed as before, but in a lighter way and with many highly-flavored compliments. Maxatli was unusually silent, but I could see he was pleased. I thought I could detect a covetous look directed at the Princess.

Now I know that he must be in love with her. I did not see how it could be otherwise if he had seen much of her. But I knew, also, that he had read the record in the temple and thinking that his successor would surely be alert and watchful, I hazarded a guess during one of the pauses. It was just as we were about to leave discussing a peculiar dish of fowl, I asked, being toward him and speaking low:

"Is it customary for priests of Chapasco to marry?"

The quick flash of the question abashed him for a moment. He stared at me and stammered:

"Why—no—no—why—"

Val and the Princess were talking, and laughing.

"Still, it would be pleasant to be both priest and Prince of Chapasco."

He had recovered. His face was calm and his smile as serene as ever as he answered:

"Yes—or Prince and messenger from Huemac."

I colored slightly. At least my cheeks felt hot. I looked at him as though I had not understood his thrust, however, and replied:

"Oh, the messengers of Huemac have not command of their time. They may not stay and be where and what they might wish; but their position is greater than that of princes or kings or priests."

"If they be true messengers from Huemac, yea! Imagine, however, the sensations of one who should attempt the role of messenger when in reality he had no right to do so. How uncertain of your position, how fearful of the developments of each succeeding hour, you would feel now if you had not in truth been sent by Huemac to the city of Chapasco, if you were only men from another part of the world."

"But Chapasco is the world," was the only answer I could make on the spur of the moment.

"Yes, Chapasco is the world to all its people, but the Topiltzin since the Spaniards came among us have known there is much outside the walls of the city. We priests have preserved our records and our histories and much was added to the old records by the Spanish priest when he came among us. We know that every man cannot be a Daniel and that the lions' den may be a horrible grave."

I was saved the necessity of answering further, for with a suddenness that was startling a burst of music came to us, sacred music filled with weird mysticism. The food and dishes were removed quickly and drinks and cigarettes passed back.

The music changed to quick and lively airs and in the center of the room appeared a set figures of girls dressed in red, swinging with graceful abandon. The hall began to fill with the blue haze of tobacco smoke, the strong ocli commenced to take effect, the dancing became wilder and wilder, the plaintively clad musicians increased their fire and there in a mad effort to keep step with the increasing frenzy of the dance each moment. The dancers neared us, bounding and whirling till we grew dizzy watching them.

Faster and faster the musicians played and the dancers kept pace with them. The instruments became drowned in the wilder notes of the wind instruments, a final burst, a crash, and the dancers fell in heaps at our feet, exhausted and looking beseechingly at us for applause.

"Can you not stop it, Princess? They can dance no more."

She seemed surprised. "But it is their duty to dance until I bade to stop."

"Ah, but you will bid them stop, will you not? Their dancing has been pretty, amusing, but it is continuing it is becoming cruel and hideous."

Her face grew still larger with surprise, but she nodded her head to Maxatli. The priest clapped his hands, the dancers bowed and left the room, making the whole length of the hall.

The music was ended sooner than was customary, and Val and I silently began to prepare our hearts and minds and bodies for the struggle to come in the temple.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SIGN—OF FORCE.

With quaking hearts and apprehensive thoughts, Val and I entered and went to the temple in company with the Princess and Maxatli. I had whispered to Val the gist of my short battle of words with Maxatli, but cautioned him to be careful, for fearful that the priest might take it into his head to bring matters to a climax at once.

The solemn temple was lighted in every nook and corner, as it had been on the night in bright-hued costumes, chatting and laughing gaily, showed that they, at least, were not in the least conscious of the solemn nature of our presence and were doing their best to make us forget that we were fugitives.

As we four took our places before the altar, every voice was hushed. The Topiltzin immediately began chanting a joyous hymn. Gradually the people joined in, till the great building was filled with song and with the sound of praise and joy. When the hymn was ended Maxatli stepped forward and addressed the people:

"Last night, while we were here sending up the prayers of Huemac, Great Lord, he suddenly appeared before us and told us of the dangers of the three days to come, and how we, his people, had obeyed his commands. From the shadowy mist of sometime he came, and while he was among us of nowhere he disappeared, and his place was taken by the Princess. Three days have become and come and to us. Long and long have we looked forward to the coming of Huemac. Many have been the discussions concerning the manner and time of his coming. Long and long have our forefathers reach us, our fathers built the great wall which protects Chapasco, a wall without gates or doors through and over which no one can pass. Lord of the air, Huemac could easily reach us when he should so desire. For his coming we have waited long and patiently, and great should be our joy if the three days have come to us from him. Yet now that Huemac let us rejoice and make merriness our companion, and on the day which follows after the next we shall use again our great power as it once was used, and celebrate the coming of the messengers from our lord with games and contests such as the ancients have always had before me written concerning these things. Here, then, is what the last Huemac has said. Heed his words, for we may, we cannot, be too careful."

From the scroll in his clothing Maxatli produced the book of which Val had told me, read the record about the escape of Huetzin, and spoke again:

"My children, these strangers come to us saying, 'The lord of all has sent us.' They are strangers and we should heed the warning of the old priest, who was wise and whom you all loved, and beware. If the three be not sent by Huemac we may wonder how they came to us from the air, but many things may happen, though they seem

impossible. If they be sent by Huemac let them give us a sign, and if the sign be sufficient shall we not enforce the ancient law—death to him who enters into the holy city of Chapasco unbidden?"

The low murmur which had accompanied the first of Maxatli's speech after he had reached the record, increased to thunder before he finished. Plainly the crowd of docile, superstitious people was in no mood to be trifled with and the time had come for us to act. We were standing by Maxatli. I had glanced at the Princess as the priest read, and had noticed a look of surprise and wonder spread over her features. She saw me watching her and came and stood directly behind me as if to let me know that she had faith in us. Several of the nobles came and seemed to hesitate, whether to come to us or remain in their places. All over the building the people were beginning to arise, their faces distorted with wonder and awe intermingled. Quickly I made up my mind, for we had never let them out of our hands, and stepping to the priest's side, shouted:

"Wait! The Topiltsin has asked for a sign. His caution is to be commended. See yonder bright lamp beside the entrance? See this which I hold in my hand? From this will I quit the chamber and plunging which will break the lamp and blow out the light."

They stopped. There was not a sound in the vast hall. The lamp was a hundred feet away from a fan-shaped target, and I had little doubt of my ability to strike it as I drew back to my remarkable, look quick aim, and fired.

The effect was startling. The sharp report, echoed from the walls of the temple, reverberated back and forth, dying out at last with a mournful sound. My aim was good, and the lamp went out, shattered into a thousand fragments. While the people looked alternately at me and the broken lamp I shouted again:

"Have I no doubts now let him stand beside the entrance and the lightning will speak to him and the lightning will pierce his heart and break his body into bits. Huemac loves you, but he must be obeyed."

Val stepped closer and whispered:

"I think the governor has fainted. I'll attend to this end."

I turned quickly. Zamora had fainted, and was lying in a heap behind me. The people were groveling on the floor in front, and I leaped to her side, raised her in my arms and carried her to the vestry. I did not call for aid, for I did not want it, for I wished to be alone with her. As I sat beside her and watched her slowly regaining consciousness I confessed to myself that love had added another to his long list of conquests. And I smiled as opened her eyes, and whispered:

"There, it is all over and no one has been hurt. You are well now, are you not?"

She closed her eyes with a smile and lay still several minutes. Then she looked at me again and asked suddenly:

"Will your thunder and lightning kill men and women?"

"Yes, anything."

"I am glad. I am afraid of Maxatli, for he hates you even now."

"Yes, we know that, but he cannot harm."

"Oh, but he can, Senor Graham. He is very powerful. Every one fears him, even the nobles. And I am sure his control. I am afraid of him myself."

"But you need not be, Zamora, when we are here to protect you."

"No, no, you cannot! He is to be—my—husband."

"Oh, in that case we shall not, of course, interfere."

I tried to appear utterly indifferent, but under my breath I whispered that he wouldn't if I could help it. I made no further answer to her, however, and she arose and left the vestry.

We found the temple dark and deserted. She was surprised, and I, too, for that matter, because I had been watching her so intently I had not heard the people leaving. To quiet her fears, however, I told her that Val had dismissed the people and every one had returned to the palace leaving her in my care. She thanked me and left the temple to return.

The moon had not risen and it was quite dark when we reached the trees. Zamora was still trembling. So was I, but with excitement and pleasure. She leaned heavily upon my arm and made me glad. Halfway between the temple and the palace they walk ran through a clump of trees, large and scattering, and as we entered this Zamora shivered more perceptibly.

"What is it? Are you cold?" I asked.

"No, I don't know. I feel something sharp here in my side."

A second later I stopped and pointed a trembling finger to the front. I saw three faintly-outlined figures which seemed something like human forms. The next moment three men sprang toward us and I caught the glimmer of steel.

It all happened so quickly that I scarcely had time to thrust the Princess behind me, draw both my pistols and fire point blank at the men less than eight feet away. Two yells answered the shots, and a third shot quickly following brought forth another scream of pain. We heard the sound of feet hurrying along the walk beneath the trees, and then all was silent.

The Princess was trembling like a leaf when I put my arm behind her to keep her from falling. She walked unsteadily and I supported her in my arms and carried her, despite her nervous protests. It was a light burden and a pleasant one, but I hurried as rapidly as possible, for I wanted to get to Val. When we reached the edge of the palace grounds she asked to be put down. I whispered in her ear that she was so close to my mouth I could almost touch it with my lips:

"I could carry you always, sweetheart."

She laughed, for her strength was returning, and before I had let her slip from my arms, answered lightly:

"Ah, but I might become a heavy burden, Senor Graham."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CABIN IN THE WOODS.

The palace was brilliantly lighted, but silent as a death-house. We met no one as we went to Zamora's palace. There, standing beside the table and looking at her with love in my heart, I made her confession. My brain was in a whirl. I was anxious about Val and Jake, and wondered if they were safe in our own rooms. I could not understand the secret attack made upon me in the garden. I wanted to get away, but did not wish to leave the Princess alone. The strange absence of every one worried me. "Shall I leave you now, or would you rather have me stay until some one comes?"

She did not answer. Instead, she sank upon a couch and her head fell wearily upon her breast. I spoke again:

"Are you afraid to be left alone, Zamora?"

"No, not afraid."

"Then shall I leave you? I wish to see Senor Victor. Good-night."

"Good-night, but you be careful." She raised her head a little bit and looked her anxiety.

"Why?"

"I do not know, but I feel that you are in danger."

"And are you frightened about me, then, Zamora?"

"Yes."

Her answer came haltingly. Hanging on with one hand to the swords and under them two stilettos. I stepped over and took down the weapons, buckled one of the swords around my waist, dropped a dagger into my belt, turned and laughed.

"There, do I not look quite formidable and dangerous now?"

It was easier to laugh. At least I thought it much the safer thing for me to do, because the spell was overpowering me again. An answering smile came to Zamora's face as she answered:

"Yes, quite dangerous, Senor Graham, but be careful."

"Good-night, Zamora." I dared not stay longer.

I hurried from her presence as though

My aim was good and the lamp went out.

endeavoring to escape from the plague. Through the halls and corridors I walked at night as peaceable as I actually were using. If I had been flying I could not have kept pace with my thoughts. Bursting into the great room I was amazed to find Val lying in front of the fire lazily smoking a cigarette and gazing absently at the wall in front of him. He turned his head as I slammed the door, and said:

"Jack, did you ever see such a queer ornament as that?" pointing to the wall at the right of the fireplace.

His restful attitude calmed me and instead of my impending news I asked him how we had not noticed the thing before. We had been too hurried to examine the ornaments in our rooms.

It was a bas relief figure which seemed all head, pressed close to the face of a lion. It was a gigantic affair, done in pure gold, or at least of gold plates fastened to the stone figure in a most curious fashion. It was a grotesque thing, too, despite the beauty of the metal. The head was crowned with emeralds looked wickedly at us. The big mouth, stretching across the head, seemed to be laughing boisterously. From the corners of the mouth two little streams of silver flowed to the floor, but with the head were countless little engraved pictures.

I looked at it in silence and Val was the first to speak.

"I've been wondering for an hour what the thing can be. Do you suppose it can have anything to do with Maxatli's pet saying about the lion's mouth?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," I answered abruptly, "but we'll find out soon enough."

I drew up another couch and lighted a cigarette. The tone in my voice caused Val to look up. "Heigh! What's the matter? How did you manage after we left you in the temple?"

"Tell your story first, Val. How did you manage the crowd?"

"Oh, I had a nice time for awhile, and a little squally. While you were doing your grand act with the thunder and lightning I kept my eyes on the priest. I thought you could attend to the people in front, but he was behind you. Maxatli paled a little when you fired, but that was all the effect the thing had on him. He was looking at you when the Princess tumbled over and did not see her. When you went to her side and started out with her I stepped to his side. He wanted to follow, but I stopped him and turned him about to face the people. I was angry and I think he knew it meant business when I whispered:

"You've seen what this thunder machine will do. I could kill you as easily as that lamp was broken. Now you will please tell the people, in your best and most engaging manner, that the sign has been given and it is sufficient."

"He was trembling a little, but sullen, when he replied, 'But suppose I do not think it is?' Cool, you do, I answered, pointing the rifle at his breast.

"The man's got plenty of grit, Jack. His shrug and his answer to me even smiled as he said, 'I am not quite ready to die yet. I wish to learn first whether you and your friend are true Daniels and if you are not to see you out of the way first. You have not gotten out of the lion's mouth yet, and if I can aid you in any manner, you shall see.'

"Then he turned to the people and talked to them a few minutes. He has remarkable influence over them. They left shortly, laughing and shouting and praising him and us. The nobles, however, saw that everything was not right and were disposed to rebel. I looked bad for a little while but the priest, urged by my gentle persuasion, quieted them and they left, too.

"No sooner were they gone than Maxatli started for the vestry, but I stopped him again, saying that you were perfectly competent to see that the Princess reached the palace safely, and suggesting that you might attend to matters. Then he attempted to pick up your rifle, which you had dropped when you went to the Princess, but I forestalled him there, too. He made the best of a bad thing, put on a bold face, and laughed. We left the temple and walked back to the palace together. At the door Jose we parted. I came straight here, where I've been waiting anxiously for you ever since. I thought I heard a pistol shot a few moments before you came in. Was it you? Come, let's have your report."

In a few words I told him of the fate in store for me in the grove. His single comment was:

"Evidently Maxatli thought, since I had your life, that he had no more thunder and lightning. He'll find out after awhile that we don't play all our trumps on the table."

Val laughed, but my next remark soberened him. Briefly and more warm, Val, and it's getting to be a question of how long we can fight the priest off. That lost thunder machine will be so far off now as it did before we left the United States. We'll have to prepare for it as soon as our position is more firmly established, and Maxatli disposed of."

"You think that is going to happen, do you, Graham?"

"Sometime or will happen soon. Either that or we will be disposed of. Maxatli has designs on Zamora and we and the fight from now on will be hard. If we could only know his plans. It's exciting enough, but I'm getting weary of a fight for life or dark. Jake ought to find out something for us. Where is he now?"

"I haven't seen him since just before the banquet. He came back with a lot of food from the palace for the camp, but with little information. He should be back soon, however."

Val had scarcely finished his sentence before Jake rushed in, a broad grin on his face.

"Lordy, I'se had er fine time, I has. Jes' look at me."

His collar was torn half off, his necktie was hanging loosely down his shirt front, one of his eyes was badly bruised and was discolored. We sat up quickly and asked what was the matter.

"Dare ain' nuffin de matter wif me. I'se all right. It's de udder feller what's de matter wif."

"What have you been doing, Jake?" Val asked.

"Been fightin'. Dare's er monstrous fine-lookin' gal out in de kitchen, an' she done think I'se all right, too. She's one er de waiter gals, one er de big ones what bosses de udders an' de kitchen folks roun' like dey ain' nuffin but po' white trash."

"And did she put you in this condition?" I laughed.

"Naw, Marse James, she ain' do nuffin fuk dat. It wuz de man what's gwinter marry her, I specs. She been givin' me all de bes' uv de vittles in de kitchen ever sence I went down dar—till finally dat man he git jealous. He 'pear ter be superstitious 'bout airy little thing. He don' talk de way I'se cuttin' him out er his lead gal. Golly, but she am purty!"

"We're wasting Jake, for you to tell us about the fight." Val was as impatient, almost, as I was myself.

"I'se gwinter tell yo' right now, ef you gimme time. Arter supper tonight me an' de gal was sittin' out er table in de kitchen eatin' our supper together, when in comes dat man. He looks at me, but I ain' pay no 'tention to him. I don' 'pear lak ter notice him 'tall. Den he kin'er coughs lak, an' we never pay no 'ttar wit him, so I pay no 'tention to him then, nuther, but jes' keeps on er eatin' an' er talkin' to de gal an' er smilin' at her jes lak Marse James do sometimes when he's wid er purty gal. Well, de man he stands de same an' mad ez a hornet an' he comes on an' fus' thing I knowed he done slapped me in de face. I ain' gwine stan' no sich disrespectmen' lak dat, an' I knocks de man an' pastes him one in de mouf wid my fis'.

"Lordy, you oughter seed him tumblin' over dem pots an' pans. It wuz jes' 'bout de funnies' thing I've seen sence we done los' home.

Jake stopped to laugh, and his laugh proved infectious, for Val and I joined in.

"Well, dat man, he picks hisself up mos' ez he kin fin hisself an' den he comes at me wid de knife. He 'mence ter cut me wus er gran' mixup. Ev'ts de truf I'm tellin'. De fool man he'd ought be gittin' fer rollin' on de flo' he cain' hit me nuther one ter do. He gittin ter poun' me on de haid, lak dat gwinter hurt me. Fin'ly, however, he quit dat foolishness an' try ter pull my ha'r. But dat didn' do no good, fer I'se runnin' my fis' in his stummick all de time.

"Well, I don' 'fes' disremember how long dis thing las' till we bofe git up on our hoofs ergin an' he come at me lak a turkle me. I got tired monkeyin' by dis time an' I jes' waited till he gits close, an' ducks my haid down an' makes fer him. I'm tellin' you 'twus er pow'ful bad lick I give him, fer he knocked his head clean down on de flo' an' hollered an' grounded lak he was dead.

"Den I looks at him an' grins an' says: 'Fer will tackle dis chile, will you?' Den I turns around ter git what vittles I could, an' I ketches her roun' de waist an' smacks her one on bofe sides of de face, an' she 'mence wid my lips. Den I laughs an' leaves dem an' comes here an' here I is."

This most extraordinary story of love and adventure among a strange people in a mysterious city will be continued in our next week's Ledger. In subscribing for this paper remember that you are always entitled to our camera free as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

How McGinnis Won.

A man whom I will call McGinnis represents a county that I will call Hunker in the State Senate of Pennsylvania. He is a Republican, and he was elected by a large majority, although Hunker County hitherto had always gone Democratic. Everybody was amazed to find that it had elected a Republican candidate, and nobody could understand the reason for it. When McGinnis came to Harrisburg, I happened to meet him, and asked him how he did it. He said:

"Now, I don't mind tellin' you how I worked that thing, but I don't want you to give me away on it. It's a secret. When I was nominated, I at once saw that I had no chance of gettin' elected if the thing was run on a square deal. My Democratic opponent, was a Democrat an' a church member, an' I'd have to be a devil to an' done nothin', he'd 'ave skeeted into him like a snowdrift into a valley. You know that when anybody's possible to be skinned, that's the very thing they want wuss than anything else in the world. Now, you can't build a railroad in Hunker County, nohow you fix it. There's nothin' up there' but hills an' mountains, an' you can't make 'em carry enough to bore a hole through the Alleghenies with a barr of soap an' a gimlet. You can't drive them hills, consequently, the people is just wild to have a railroad in the county, because it's never had one.

"Well, sir, Jes' before election, I hired a gang of men, an' I marched 'em up an' I bought a lot o' chains and spyglasses, an' them instruments the surveyors use, an' putty soon I had a lot o' fellers layin' out a line o' railroad through every garden, and behind every orchard, an' in Hunker. When a gang would bust through a fence and git to work the farmer 'd come runnin' out and hollerin': 'What in the thunder are you fellers doin'?' an' the men they'd say: 'What are we doin'? Why, we're layin' out the line of old McGinnis' railroad, that's what we're doin', when it's done.' That's how the old thing worked. When the election came I scooped the sensationship by 'bout 1,500 majority, an' here I am. Smart, wasn't it?"

The virtue of this is that it is a true story.

Fashionable Extremes.

Mrs. Upperten—Is your wife's new bathing suit of the very latest?

Mr. De Swell—I guess so. It's cut low from the top and high from the bottom.

A man is supposed to be happy when he whistles, but when he whistles at sight of his wife's milliner's bill—well, that's quite another matter.

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Life insurance appears to be a good thing—if it is properly handled.

Some men are born great and become little of their own accord.

To the grandstand fan: Moderate your voice. Pitchers have ears.

Talk is said to be cheap, but any married man will tell you it comes high.

Even the indictment against the packers does not lower the price of meat.

If it took so long to indict the packers how long will it take to convict them?

Nearly every married woman has figured out what she will do when she becomes a widow.

An Ohio man has discovered a process for making fifteen-year-old whisky in fifteen minutes.

In order to win success a man must be in a position to grasp opportunity by the back of the neck.

Judging from the descriptions the canal strip will never attain much popularity as a summer resort.

A man has his favorite doctor and a woman her favorite preacher, but who ever heard of any one having a favorite dentist?

Radium, according to an English scientist, contains the secret of life. But the spunky thing refuses to divulge the secret.

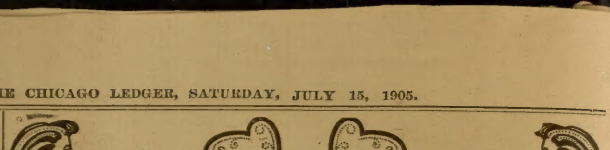
The Japanese worship their ancestors. Rich Americans whose ancestors drove ox teams into the primeval forests can't seem to understand why.

In the meantime King Oscar has shown that it is easy enough for any ruler to be his own boss of peace if he cares to buckle on the wings.

Artfully taking advantage of the prevailing excitement Mr. Rockefeller slips ten millions into the general educational fund and makes his getaway in safety.

A Milwaukee public official has pleaded guilty to a charge of bribery and been fined $250. The next time he does it the court may even go so far as to slap him on the wrist.

The important discovery that the Chinese are human beings has just been made. It didn't take the capitalists of Industry long to find it out when the Chinese began to boycott American-made goods. Great is business!



THE TEMPLE THEATRE MYSTERY;

or, The Romance of a Curious Crime.

By ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON,

Author of "The Black Ball," "A Vagabond's Honor," Etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE SHOT THAT SAVED.

"You did the work so well," broke in the Professor, addressing the man who had played detective, "that I vow I felt the chills running down my back," and he stopped his brow where some beads of perspiration had gathered. "But now that we have this fellow, what shall we do with him?" pointing to the wretched prisoner who looked from one to the other of the stern faces gathered around him in a pitiable and imploring way.

"Yes, that's the point," muttered Simon Pegg, tugging at his red beard with an air of perplexity. "He is shrewd as a bag-pan as a white elephant to have on yer hands.

A man what'll try and jail his friends that have stood by him, generally gets a short shrift," remarked the Professor slowly, a speech that sent a shudder of apprehension over the poor captive on the table.

"Oh, don't get anxious," he continued, noticing the effect of his words, "you're too valuable an asset at present for us to get rid of. We must see how the financial end is goin' to turn out, and then for—why, we'll see," rubbing his hands softly together as if in anticipation. "Ah," with a mock air of reproach, "why did you ever think that you could fool the Ledger that that trusted ye? I never heard of such ingratitude. Men!" turning to his companions, "we'll sit up his mother-in-law after we've slept on it. For the present we'll hold him a prisoner."

"Right you are, Professor," growled the sailor. "And he should be mighty grateful to us for not treatin' him worse."

"It's his good fortune to be worth more to us alive—than dead, before the thing," called the Professor, with a grin. "At least for the present."

The prisoner watched them as they drew away from the table, and held a whispered consultation in a corner of the room. He could not hear what was being said, but from the excited gestures exchanged the discussion was animated.

He thought that they might change their minds about murdering him, that now or ever he must make an effort to escape. The door was locked and unguarded, but he was bound hand and foot. When he had been cast there he had heard a sound of splintered glass, and knew that a pane in it was on the table must have been shattered by his weight. He wriggled his hands back and forth and presently felt a sharp, stabbing pain in one wrist. He looked over toward the pane, and his heart leaped excitedly. They seemed too much occupied to cast a look in his direction.

By cautious efforts he brought with a sawing motion the cords across the keen edge of the glass. Although he was run the risk of severing a vein, he persisted until his hands were free. He sprang to his feet, and closing all his will power that he refrained from crying out, for the pain was almost unbearable.

He looked again toward the man, but they did not seem to have changed position, or direction, and continued their harangue. The strange little man with the long overcoat who had not joined the discussion, but who stood leaning against the wall, his head sunk on his breast, might have been asleep for all the movement he made.

The young man reached out a hand cautiously and picked up a table knife that lay near him. He was thinking so that as he drew it toward him he would scrape a decanter that rolled to the floor with a crash and filled the room with fragments of glass in every eye in his direction.

The big sailor uttered a guttural cry, and bounded forward just as the prisoner cut the cords that bound his feet and leaped to the floor.

He made for the door, but the Professor was there before him. He stopped a moment glaring at that malicious old face, then slipping a pistol out of his pocket turned and fired at the lamp that swung over the table. A haphazard shot, but it shattered the oil reservoir and the flames the others could recover from their surprise he leaped forward, flung the Professor aside and dashed through the door just as the room was wrapped in darkness.

He could hear the men struggling with one another in the gloom as he ran through the hall and so out into the air of night. He was sure that they would follow him, and in that rather unsavory neighborhood he did not feel safe, so he did not stop running until he was out of breath. He thought he had thrown them off the track, for several times he hid in the shadow to see if he was being followed. However, with such men one could never feel really safe. If they did not get his trail tonight, they might tomorrow, or the day following, unless he took special measures to protect himself. He saw that his wrists were bleeding, and paused under a lamp in a quiet street to tear up his handkerchief and improvise bandages, and to remove the remainder of the cords with which he had been bound.

In evening dress, without an overcoat, he was a conspicuous object, so he turned up the collar of his coat, and pinned it together so as to hide his wide shirt front.

The exciting events of the night had made him very weary; he had been sustained by the excitement of the moment, but now the reaction had set in. Sleep was the greatest thing to be desired. There were good reasons why he should not seek an ordinary hotel, for his injured wrists might attract attention. He must find himself shelter in a place where they were not particular about their clients.

His wanderings had brought him close to the East River, and, having assured himself that no policeman was following along a street given over to ship chandlers and marine outfitters, he finally paused before a small store that bore a large wooden anchor for a sign. There was an alley running along the side of the building, and the young man, after a moment's hesitation, entered the forbidding gap between the buildings, and stopped before a door over which a red lantern swung.

Pushing the door open, a stout man, he climbed a steep flight of steps to the second floor and presently found himself at the end of a hall. Though it was long after midnight, the sound of voices reached him from within. Presently a panel in the door was opened and the round, red face of a man appeared in the opening.

"Whatch you want?" he asked gruffly.

"Is that where you receive old friends, Old?" asked the young man, with a laugh. "Open up, for I'm dog tired and chilled to bone."

"Oh, it's you, is it, Mister Fenton? I didn't expect a visit from a bird of your fine feathers," and the door swung open just wide enough for the late visitor to squeeze through.

"Oh, I don't give up my old friends so easy," returned the young man. "You have company?"

The little room in which they were standing, fitted up as an office, was empty, but the sound of singing came from near at hand.

"Oh, jest a few o' the boys havin' fun. One o' 'em is celebratin' his birthday. Well, what good or bad wind blows you to my doors?"

The proprietor of the place, who was almost as broad as he was long, studied the newcomer from head to foot slowly and carefully.

"There's sunthin' red on yer cuff," he said, doubtfully, at the bright sight of a red stain under Fenton's sleeves. "I don't like the look o' that."

"Oh, that is my own blood, so you needn't be worried, old man. How long it it since you were in a position to scare your patrons? It wasn't always so."

"We has to be very strict in these times," said the other. "An' I has to keep the good books o' the perlice or they might close me up, an' that's bad luck."

"I'll tell you later, if I'm so minded, but tonight I want a room in your star chamber, and I don't want any one to see me, and you are not to say anything to any one about having seen me."

"Huh! you want a lot, don't you?"

"Not any more than I can pay for. There is money in it if you treat me well enough, get that you have a tongue," and he drew a gold piece out and idly twirled fingered it suggestively.

Gideon Old's mouth reached out as if he would take the money, when the sight stopped it back hastily in his pocket with a laugh.

"Not until you're earned it, old shark, and there ain't any more for you if you help me."

"What's a man with so much money want down in these diggin's?" said Graylock, half to himself. "Well, follow me, and I'll see that you don't run against any o' that birthday party."

So saying he pushed open a door and led the way through a narrow hall and down into a warm, bright room, half kitchen and half living room, where a pleasant fire was burning by which the guest warmed his hands.

"I seen wrists like them once. They was on a feller that tried to get rid of a pair of iron bracelets some onfeelin' perliceman had ornamented him with," said the proprietor, who had caught sight of Fenton's injuries.

"That'll do," grumbled the young man. "I want none of your chaff, old pirate. You have some hot water there, and I don't suppose you have lost your skill as a grog maker. Give me a stiff portion, for I'm played out."

He flung himself down in a chair while the other busied himself in preparing the beverage, stopping now and then in the midst of his work to cast an inquiring look at the figure by the fire.

Having compounded the drink and filled two glasses with it, the young man tossed one off thirstily, then having gone to the door and looked out to assure himself that they would not be overheard, he turned the key in the lock and returned to the other's side.

"Old," he said, "I want to drop out of sight for awhile, and I want you to help me to do it."

"Well, there's the river. Why don't you try that?" and the fat man chuckled at his joke.

"Now be serious," returned Fenton, irritably, "if you want to earn an honest penny. I want to change my identity for a few weeks. I am going to be a sailor, a first mate of course just returned from Brazil. You will get me the things I need in the way of clothes, and at once, so that I can put them on."

"You like to give orders, don't ye?" grumbled the other, who did not seem to like the latter's dictatorial manner.

"Yes, when I can pay well for 'em," replied the young man, with a frown at the table. "Put that in your locker as earnest money. Now hunt up a rough sailor outfit from your slop chest. I don't care where it is. I want to have it before I try to sleep."

Graylock took the piece of money and, after examining it, thrust it into his vest pocket.

"When a man has such a persuasive way with him I can't refuse him nothin'," he said, with a grin. "I am your werry humble servant, Mr. Fenton, as long as you're well fixed."

"I told you to drop that name. Just forget you ever heard it," retorted the other, angrily. "My name is Westcott—Jeff Westcott, your cousin. Please remember."

"I beg parding. I forgot. Well, ef yer little ready I'll show you your room and fetch up what ye want," leading the way to the door.

"And you want to meet any one on the way, you know," said the young man.

And rather shall ye. I'm a man o' me word, I am. I'll fit you out as an able seaman."

Once he had gone out his guest followed softly and stood on the landing as the other went heavily down the stairs.

Then he looked around on the man. He knew that he would sell out his brother if the price was high enough, but in his extremity he must trust some one, and hoped he should be able to circumvent any attempted treachery.

The other rooms on the floor, numbering six, seemed to be unoccupied, for he stopped at every door to listen. He had just time to

HAY-FEVER AND ASTHMA CAN BE CURED.

The Kola Plant.

The African Kola Plant is Nature's Remedy for HAY-FEVER and ASTHMA. Since its discovery Dr. Ola, a remarkable botanical professor, has made a special use in the Hospitals of Europe and America as a healing specific.

Mrs. W. Lindsay, 18th St., Newport News, Va., writes Jan. 9th, 1905: "I am glad to say that I was cured of Hay Fever and Asthma, by Nicodemus Kola. I was a sufferer for 20 years, and tried all kinds of remedies, but did not seem to like the others. To prove the power of this new botanical discovery, if you suffer from Hay-fever or Asthma, we will send you one trial dose by mail entirely free. It costs you absolutely nothing. Write today to the Kola Importing Co., No. 1305 Broadway, New York.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

reach his own room again when he heard the steps of the landlord on the stairs.

Removing his dress suit hastily and rolling it up in a bundle, he was ready to don the outfit the landlord had brought along with him. It consisted of a blue flannel suit much the worse for wear, a shirt of the same material, and a broad-brimmed soft hat. There were some other trifles to add to the costume. Graylock had forgotten nothing.

Fenton—alias Westcott—not without a shrug of repugnance proceeded to invest himself in the garments.

"What! are ye goin' to sleep in yer clothes?" asked the landlord.

"Yes. Might be a fire in the night, and I haven't much confidence in this rattletrap of a building. Good-night," nodding Onward the door.

Graylock went out grumbling and shaking his head, and his guest at once turned the key in the lock. Then when he was sure that the other was not lurking outside he went over to the mirror, removed his mustache with a pair of pocket scissors, rubbed some lamp black over the lower part of his face and under the eyes to give himself a haggard and unshaven appearance.

"That'll do for the present," he said, nodding to his reflexion in the glass. "I don't believe those rogues would recognize me in this shape."

Then with his pistol within handy reach he threw himself on the bed and in a moment was sound asleep. So heavy were his slumbers that he did not awaken until an hour later by the creaking noise made by a man in the passage, as he climbed on the shoulders of another to peer through a light from a dark lantern on the sleeper. Then they slipped away as softly as they came.

CHAPTER V.
THE DEATH TUBE.

Samuel Pendrick rose early, and his first thought was to call for the morning papers which he was accustomed to peruse with a frugal breakfast of rolls and coffee. He hardly expected to find anything he did not know regarding the crime of the night before, but there was a possibility that some one might have noticed on something that would prove important.

With the exception of Welby's paper, "The Dey's Register," the accounts were of the briefest description, in which the suspicion that the crime had been premeditated was merely hinted at. Welby's account was substantially the same as appeared at the theater.

It was perhaps owing to the lateness of the hour when the intelligence leaked out that the accounts were so meager. He was glad that the fact of Welby had made such a good showing.

That enterprising young man must now be engaged in following up the advantage he had gained over his fellows, so Pendrick could not look for any information from him unless they met by chance.

He must rely on his own investigating.

The case struck him as being so curious that he was burning to follow it up, though the reward was a matter of scarcely any importance. His life interest was bound up in the search, which he had attempted to break away from it at least once a year, and settle down on his little farm in the country; but he never more than three or four weeks before he was back again in the city working on some baffling mystery.

Dressing himself for the street in that semi-clerical attire which he affected, he sallied out in search of Dr. Denslow. From him a great deal more might be learned, for he was the first in the room when she was struck down, and must have been the first to speak to her.

The grave, elderly-looking man who answered his ring at the doctor's smoke his head when he learned the detective's reasons for calling.

"No, sir, no sorry, but no one can be allowed to see the doctor. As a colleague of his I have taken up my stand here on guard just to keep people away. He has brain fever, and we fear the worst. The shock of this business has been prostrating. He stroyed his reason. Even if he gets along, it will be a week before he can see any one," said the other, quite proud on Pendrick's disappointed face.

"The deuce!" exclaimed the detective, as he made his way down the steps. "This complicates matters a heap, as if the whole business was not mixed enough anyway. Well, I'll take a look in on my old friend. See what sort of a case Noah's ark he able to tell me, if any one can, how it is possible to get a message to a woman in sight of several thousand people and only the murderer know how it was accomplished."

He found Mr. Waggles, who was the proprietor of the curiosity shop, engaged in varnishing a wooden model which looked as if it had passed through many vicissitudes.

"I kind o' thought that I should git a visit from you terday," remarked the dwarf, nodding at the detective, and then stooped to set a dab of red in the corner of one of the reptile's eyes.

"Why did you think so?" asked Pendrick, whom the old fellow amused.

"Well, I reckoned if when I see they was a mysterious case on deck. So blamed myster'ous that they couldn't git hurt at it. 'There's nuts for Pendrick,' I says to meself; 'he'll jump inter the b'lin', head first, you see if he don't.'"

"Well, I do want to see you on a bit of business, but you seem very busy."

"Well, I am. I'm gettin' this critter ready fer a nickel muzee that's about ter open, and he ought ter have a shop here. He hain't got a spare glass eye about ye, hev ye? I jest need one to slap into that empty socket," pointing to the animal.

"No. I'm just out of eyes, except those I wear," said the detective, falling into his humor. "Let it go. You can say that it gives the reptile a fiercer expression, and that he was a great fighter."

"I guess that'll do, and save me huntin' one up," nodded the captain of the Ark, as he set down his pot and brush. "Now then, me hearty, come aft, and we'll overhaul your log-book."

When the detective was seated in the comfortable living-room in the rear of the shop, he explained the reason for his visit and what he had learned regarding the tragedy of the night before.

"Now, do you think it possible for a person to be struck down—murdered, in so speak—on the stage, facing a crowd of people, and none even suspect that she was the victim of a crime?"

The old man stopped to take a pinch of snuff, and blew his nose with great vigor before answering.

"Sounds as if it would be easier," he said calmly, "pervided the party knew his business. And the chances of his gittin' ketched would be small if he was hidden away in a stage box ahint the curtains."

Pendrick agreed, for this suggestion that the criminal had secreted himself on the box exactly coincided with his own ideas of the matter.

"I won't go for to say that I should recommend any one to try such a thing, for only a expert could do it up right, and might run all the risk for nothin', see?"

"Nonsense! I will be a match for all of his pocket aid, opening it gingerly displayed the tiny dart which had been found on the doctor's hands the night before, and appeared to be poisoned.

"This little thing that resembles a thorn with a feathery tip was, I am told, the cause of the death of Miss Allison," at this statement, and the poor fellow who told me was not even aware of it.

Mr. Waggles adjusted his big silver-rimmed spectacles and, bending over the table, examined the dart without attempting to take it up in his hands.

"That is the first time I ever seen one of them things," he mused, half to himself. "I had a partner keeled over by one of them darts when he was roamin' round for opals in the Back Block country of Australy. My friend, I'll tell you, it's given you any fairy tale. That little article, perverded it was the work of a skilled perverded, would kill at forty yards of the chap at the other end of the gun was a expert shot. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. People has lived a'ter one of those pin scratches, but I never heerd of anybody ter to do at once and so acted; I suppose in this case they didn't suspect what was up until after some weapon had been found."

"So it must have been," replied Pendrick, "for the combination of circumstances in the thing could produce death. The cause seemed to be absurdly out of proportion to the effect."

"It 'pears to me that you're mighty keerless about handlin' that dart, and you ought less yer anxious to step off. A little scratch from that p'ison, and I'll be a mummy, and I'll fix the p'int so it won't do ye no hurt, ef so be ye wish to carry it about as a curiosity. And be a-lookin' for a corner keerless yer anxious to step off. A little scratch from that p'ison, and I'll be a mummy, and I'll fix the p'int so it won't do ye no hurt, ef so be ye wish to carry it about as a curiosity. And be a-lookin' for a corner closet and returned with a short, fat bottle corked with a cotton wad. Into this he poured some drops on the table and dipped the sharp end of the barb into it. The detective watched him and heard a deep violet hue.

"There 'ought so," gabbled the little man, who seemed amazed with the result of his experiment. "It's the same old p'ison them niggers used to dart out of plants out in the Back Blocks, ye may call me a mummy."

"And there is no harm in it now?"

"Nary a bit, sir; more than you would be in a dead moth miller which the same it favors a few," and he picked it up and dropped it over the bottle before he returned it to the paper and put it in his pocket.

"Good lan's! I never supposed that I'd hev a chance ter handle a article of this kentry. Sich imported devilry amazes me! Why, a chap I once knowed in a theater, his business, armed with some o' them things and a long blow-pipe, would bring down a goose or me at forty yards perviding that they wasn't any wind at the time. Ef there's one thing I despise it's a liar, but yer Too d——d ca'm as a general thing, and hev nerves of steel."

The detective was silent, digesting the information he had received.

What if the dart, set in any way, lessen the task he intended to set for himself? Graylock had not been suspected in this case. It differed from any in which he had engaged, but the very difficulties encountered charmed him.

When he raised his head the captain was standing before him, holding the peculiar object that resembled a thick walking-stick.

"Here's one of the p'ison darts. Take it on my hat visit. Take it in yer hand, it won't bit ye. It ain't anything but a sorter put inter yer hands, as a curiosity, and ye must ha' got acquainted with ter school."

Pendrick took it in his hand and examined it at its lightness. There was nothing peculiar about the article. It was simply a hollow tube of bamboo, about a foot long, polished and ornamented with some crude dots and faded ornamentation.

A harmless enough looking object, and yet he could see that it might in skillful hands be a most instrument of destruction. He could understand now how easy it would be for a person hidden in the darkness of the box, and the lights were down to murder some one on the stage. Swift, invisible the blow would fall and kill.

"I don't follow that a black man or a brown man or a yeller one done this gal to death," continued the captain, in the same way that he had an attentive listener. "I don't know as I ever seen a nigger in the Ark as well as a native, but ef there's anywhere we could learn it, I guess many of them things here and there in private collections and museums. Sailors sometimes fetch 'em home as fancy do parrots and the like."

So it was in the power of any one to deal a death stroke though one of these devilish contrivances! If the murder had been the work of an aborigine the case would not be so puzzling, for he could be easily traced through his color and strange ways.

Why did his thoughts constantly revert to that pale-faced woman in black in the upper box? Now he thought it over he recalled that he had heard of her making a tour of Australia some years before. The fact had dropped his memory until the captain had brought up the subject of that country.

It was at impossible that this woman should have chosen the night of her rival's triumph to be revenged? Certainly there was that in her pale, worn face, a look that he had caught when her eyes sought the stage, that made him think her ready for anything.

He rose to his feet abruptly, and, thanking the owner of the Ark for his information, strode out into the street pondering on all he had seen and heard.

Twenty minutes later he arrived before the ornate residence occupied by the former stage favorite. The front door was open and he had a glimpse of an empty hall, bars of furniture, where a young woman was sweeping the carpet.

Pendrick had such strange presentiments, dashed up the steps and accosted this person.

"Er—my good girl, I should like to have a word with your mistress—er—Miss Elliott. Tell me where I can find her, if you please."

"I'm not your good girl, and I don't know where she is," returned the maid, tossing her head as she surveyed the detective from head to foot and went on with her sweeping.

"She is not in the house, then? Where is she?"

He fingled some change in his pocket suggestively as he said this.

"I couldn't tell ye what ye want to know, for a ten-dollar note, if I was to be offered it. "If it's a bill, you've come a day late for that. Miss Elliott left early off bag and baggage this mornin' as soon as she could pack up. And there you are."

Yes, there he was certainly, and not in the best of humor over the intelligence.

"And where did she took a notion to leave? It was sudden, eh?" slipping a silver dollar into the woman's hand, which was not closed against the bribe.

"I'm not so sure o' that. She come home mighty excited and ordered off bag and bagguge this mornin' as soon as she could pack up. And there you are."

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"Can you tell me where she has gone?"

"Not exactly, but I heerd her tell the cab driver to hustle for the Grand Central Depot, so I reckon that's it."

"How long ago was that?"

"Not more than an hour."

Pendrick groaned. If he had only come here in the first place! Turning around, he reached the pavement with a bound, hurled an order to the driver, and jumped in the cab before the astonished maid.

"I may be able to head her off yet, or at least learn where she has gone," he grumbled, as the events of the night before he takes. "I'd wager my reputation that this woman did not leave such a sin accessory to the Temple Theater murder."

CHAPTER VI.
THE LADY WITH THE BLACK BAG.

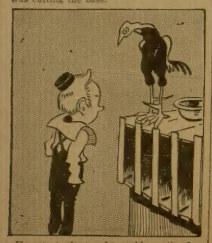
As the detective approached the Grand Central Station he wondered if he were not making a fool's errand to some chase. Since Miss Allison seemed anxious to keep her destination a secret, was it not more than likely that she should have bribed her servant to mystify any one who sought to learn her movements? That supposition was certainly no fool, and he resolved to keep this clew in his pocket.

But as he had come this far he might as well go on, for there was a chance, a very faint chance, of his finding the woman across the woman he was seeking. The description of the dress the woman wore was rather indefinite, and might be false entirely, but he depended on his own instinct and the sight of the woman if he should happen to meet with her by accident.

But the latter was particularly hopeful as he entered the waiting-room, which at the time contained thirty or forty people. Then came the task of finding the lady

On the Diamond.

Duke was a foxy player. One of his tricks was cutting the base.



He was a player who could see the fine points of a game.

The pitchers feared Duke because he stood right up to the plate.

Duke not only mastered the in and out. But he threw the down.

He Knew.

A teacher in a Boston public school was seeking to give her boys a definite idea of what a volcano was; therefore she drew a picture of one on the blackboard. Taking some red chalk, she drew fiery flames pouring from the summit of the volcano, and when the drawing was done, she turned to the class before her and said:

"Can any of you tell me what theft looks like?"

One boy immediately held up his hand, and the teacher said:

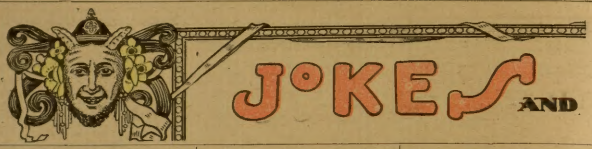
"Well, Joey, you may tell us."

"It looks like h——l, ma'am," replied Joey, with startling promptness.—Life.

No Long Visits.

Mrs. Suburb—You don't seem to have many visitors, Mrs. Meadow.

Mrs. Meadow—No. You see, I never keep a girl, and when any relations come, I expect them to help with the housework.



Old Memories.

Little Girl—Gran'pa says he remembers when the snow was so deep it was up to his waist.

Little Boy—When?

"Oh, ever so long ago."

"Mebby it was when he was a little baby."

Beethoven Appreciated.

She (at a concert)—Oh, I just dote on Beethoven.

He—Do you?

She—Yes, indeed. Beethoven's music is so delicate, so refined, so soulful, it doesn't interfere with the conversation at all.

CONCLUSIVE.

Hayseed Hank (staring at the mermaid)—Why don't you think it's a real woman? Pinnacle Bill (married)—She ain't said a word.

A Poor Plan.

He—You never seem to care a straw whether I am comfortable or not. You are not the sort of a wife your sister was to her husband. As long as he lived she was perfectly devoted to him, and never tired of seeking his happiness.

She—Yes; and what was the result? He got to loving her so much that he made a provision in his will that she should not marry again.

Bobby was Wise.

He was one of those proud fathers who are always trying to tell their sons to grow up with an ambition for a high office.

"Now, Bobby," he said one morning "suppose you aspire to be President?"

"All right," replied Bobby, "and now please give me the price of a 'big stick.'"

"A big stick? Why, what kind of a big stick, my son?"

"Why, a big stick of candy."

"I don't see why you look so displeased with this new bonnet," said the fond wife. "You look as cross as Mrs. Humpin did when she learned that she could not get it at the store because I had gotten ahead of her."

"And you," said the brutal husband, "you look as happy as Mr. Humpin must feel when he learns he doesn't have to pay for the thing after all."

CHANGED HUSBAND

Wife Made Wise Change in Food.

Change of diet is the only way to really cure stomach and bowel trouble.

A woman says:

"My husband had dyspepsia, when we were married and had suffered from it for several years. It was almost impossible to find anything he could eat without bad results.

"I thought this was largely due to the use of coffee and persuaded him to discontinue it. He did so, and began to drink Postum Food Coffee. The change did him good from the beginning; his digestion improved; he suffered much less from his nervousness, and when he added Grape-Nuts food to his diet he was soon entirely cured.

"My friend, Mrs. ——, of Vicksburg, (my former home) had become a nervous wreck also from dyspepsia. Medicine had no effect, neither did travel help her. On my last visit home, some months ago, I persuaded her to use Grape-Nuts food. She was in despair, and consented. She stuck to it until it restored her health so completely that she is now the most enthusiastic friend of Grape-Nuts that I ever knew. She eats it with cream or dry. Just as it comes from the package—keeps it in her room and eats it whenever she feels like it.

"I began eating Grape-Nuts food, myself, when my baby was two months old, and I don't know what I should have done without it. My appetite was gone, I was weak and nervous and afforded but very little nourishment for the child. The Grape-Nuts food, of which I soon grew very fond, speedily set all this right again, and the baby grew healthful, rosy and beautiful as a mother could wish. He is two years old now and eats Grape-Nuts food himself. I wish every tired young mother knew of the good that Grape-Nuts would do her."

Names given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Great Advantage.

The young man with the yellow satchel stopped at the cabin of an old colored minister.

"Let me sell you an alarm clock," began the young man. "Automatic, double-action, guaranteed timepiece."

The old man lit his corncob.

"Dat all sounds very good," he drawled, "but de only kind oh an alarm clock dat Ah wants am a rooster. Den when yo' gits tired risin' early yo' kin turn aroun' an hab de alarm clock for dinnah. Beats all de automatic alarm clocks on earf."

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 691, Blairsville, Pa.

Settled the Dispute.

"James," cried Mrs. Timmid, "there are burglars downstairs."

"Oh, no, there ain't my dear," replied Mr. Timmid.

"I'm sure there are."

"I'm sure there ain't."

"I tell you there are."

"I tell you there ain't."

"Your husband is right, ma'am," interposed a low-browed individual who thrust his head into the room at this juncture, "we're upstairs."

As he started down he was heard to say to his pal: "I always believe in helping a husband out whenever I kin. I'm a married man myself."

A Dainty Little Maid.

She is dressed in pretty colors and changes the color of her skirt when it is going to rain without any extra help. She indicates when it is wise to take your umbrella with you, when you can leave it at home. In fact she is the simplest and best barometer made. She is an ornament to any parlor and a necessity to every home. She or one of her sisters will come to you with full instructions on how she reads the weather, postpaid, for only 10 cents. She makes big money for her agents. Address W. P. Randolph & Co., 33 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Truth Comes Out.

Mamma—Of course you said, "Oh, this is so sudden!" when Tom finally proposed.

Daughter—No; I fully intended to, but I was so excited I forgot and exclaimed, "At last!"

J°LLITY

A Big Chance for the Boys.

We understand that a prize name competition has been inaugurated by the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Company, makers of the world-famous Stevens Rifles.

The object of their competition is to get a name for a new Boy's Rifle. Every wide-awake lad the country over has a chance to win one of the prizes they offer. A "Favorite" No. 17 Rifle goes to the boy sending in the best name; a "Little Krag" No. 65 goes to the boy sending in the second best name; a "Crack Shot" No. 16 goes to the sender of the third best; a "Stevens-Maynard, Jr." No. 15 to the fourth best, and a "Tip Up" No. 41 Pistol to the fifth.

Their competition closes the 15th of August, 1905. Every boy can send in as many names as he chooses, though of course he can only secure one Stevens as a prize.

The conditions are very simple. Write on but one side of the paper, date the communication, state name and address plainly, and send it to The Prize Rifle Competition, 5th Main Street, Chicopee Falls, Mass. If a number of boys send in the same names, the boy sending in the same first will receive the prize. The officers of the company are to be the judges.

We feel sure that such a generous offer as this will bring in thousands of replies from boys the country over.

A Neighborly Woman.

Mrs. Brickrow—Has that there family what's just moved in nex' door got anything settled?

Daughter—I seen 'em eatin' at a reg'lar set table. Guess they must have their groceries unpacked.

Mrs. Brickrow—Well, see what we're out of, an' I'll run in an' get acquainted.

A Reliable Heart Cure.

Alice A. Wetmore, Box 67, Norwich, Conn., says if any sufferer from Heart Disease will write her, she will, without charge, direct them to the perfect cure she used.

Putting Him Wise.

Her Father—What are you and young Shortleigh going to live on in case you marry?

His Daughter—Well, if you must know, papa, go look in the mirror.

Pointed Query.

"My boy," said the old gentleman, "save your money. You will find it is your best friend."

"But queried the young man, "what good is a friend you don't use?"

Didn't Order the Carriage.

Little Miss De Fashion—Mamma, my foots hurt.

Mrs. De Fashion—You thoughtless child! You must have been walking on them.

Quite Likely.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what does this paper mean by "ties of blood?"

Pa—Must be a new shade of red neckties, my son.

Dick—I tell you that girl accepts rings from men she doesn't know.
Clara—I don't believe it. How could she?
Dick—Why, she has to. She's a telephone girl.

Geometrical.

"Don't know her? Why, she lives in the same square with you."

"Yes, but she's not in the same circle."

He Wasn't "Next."

Wife (reading)—Here's an account of a man who left home one evening after supper six months ago to get shaved, and he hasn't been seen since.

Husband—Huh! I suppose he is still waiting for his turn.

Information Wanted.

"Want some nice eggplants, lady?" asked the landlord.

"How long will it be," queried Mrs. Newed, "till they begin to bear eggs after I set them out?"

QUITE TRUGH!

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Any girl that makes optics gugh-gugh,
Can win at least part
Of his marshmallow heart;
He admits that he loves eighty-tugh.

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EVELYN'S EXPERIMENT.

BY PAULINE MONTAGUE.

Evelyn held her pretty head to one side, like a meditative sparrow, and Jack Carew thought that if she had not been his cousin he would have easily enough fallen in love with her himself, instead of showing her Sydney Channey's photograph and praising up the original to the very best of his ability.

"He looks handsome. Is he really as good-looking as his picture, Jack?" she asked.

"He's even handsomer than his photograph; and, what's more to the point, he's the very best fellow in the world," said Jack enthusiastically.

"Yes?" Evelyn answered thoughtfully, and then her cheeks flushed a little, and the sparkle in her eyes gave place to gravity. "It is certainly much more to the point, Jack, and I think Mr. Channey is a gentleman I would like—could like—very well, if only——"

She hesitated, drooped her lovely head, and then laughed.

"What a girl you are, Evie! What an unmeasurable girl! You always have an 'if' between you and every promise of pleasure."

"I don't know that I do," she said in her sweet, spirited way. "I have to, Jack; don't you see? In this case, 'if' and 'but' should be flashed a saucy smile from her violet eyes at him—"if only Mr. Sydney Channey had an income, or a salary, or even wages of his own and I was not so rich as I unfortunately am."

Jack laughed at the lugubrious little sigh she uttered.

"You can easily get rid of your fortune, Evelyn," he observed. "You might make it over to a society for Christian burial of murdered felines, or you could give it to me, for that matter."

"Don't be absurd, Jack," she said, half vexedly.

"And don't you be a goose," he answered, tartly. "I tell you Syd Channey is a fine fellow, if he hadn't a red cent to his name; the best woman that walks this earth—"

Evelyn looked gravely at the photograph a moment, then asked:

"Why doesn't he come himself, if he is so anxious to become acquainted with me?"

Jack smiled.

"So, my spirited little lady! that's what's the matter, is it? Well, he's coming by and by. He's not one of your sort to rush headlong into anything—not even a favor. He is off for an indefinite time—on a solitary hunting expedition—and the sole only know when he'll come back. But when he does—good-by for you, Evelyn, my dear!"

And after Mr. Jack Carrol had hastily finished his retreat, Evelyn sat thoughtfully by the window, studying the pictured face of Sydney Channey.

"I do like his looks very much. I wonder how long it will be before he comes back?"

* * * * *

A big, low-ceilinged room, with an open fireplace, where a huge log lay blazing and sparkling, sending great shafts of light out into the old-fashioned room, and dispensing warmth and cheer and an unutterable luxuriousness.

In front of the fire, beside a table covered with a common cloth, old Eben Orr sat, laboriously reading a weekly paper, and portly, motherly Mrs. Orr was darning stout gray socks from a deep basket by her side. A comfortable cat slept on a rug nearer the fire, a pipe-rack of cider, a plate of rosy apples, a tin basin of cracked walnuts were also a small shelf in the cozy corner of the Ellie King, the pretty little new school-teacher, who lived at the Orr farmhouse, was leaning back in a low rush-bottomed chair, shielding her face from the light and heat, with a letter just received from home.

Outside, the wind was blowing in fitful, wild gusts, and the night was raw and cold, with snow coming down in blinding, whirling clouds; while, for shelter from the bleak beast to be abroad, Ellie was thinking, just as a rapid hurry of footsteps on the ground outside and a knock on the door startled and disturbed the serene coziness in the farmhouse kitchen.

"Bless my heart," Mr. Orr said, cheerily, as he opened the door, "if 'tain't Mr. Channey back again! Come right in! It's a stormy night, and no mistake."

"It was sure enough," and glad to be under a roof once more. Mrs. Orr, how do you do? Mr. Orr, I'm glad to shake hands with you again."

He stamped the snow off his thick boots before he came into the room to shake hands with his host and hostess; and, as he came into the full light of the fire and bright lamplight, Ellie King looked up and saw him of whom in her month of residence at the Orr farm she had heard not a little, and decided, with a light sparkle of admiration in her eyes, that it was all true—so far as Mr. Channey's appearance was concerned.

"This is Mr. Channey, Ellie," Mr. Orr said, with a certain little pride in his voice. "This is Miss Ellie King, our school teacher. She lives here, and we're glad to have her here, too."

Sydney bowed, and laughed at the unconventional introduction, and Ellie smiled and flushed a little—partly Mr. Channey did not notice either particularly.

"A country schoolteacher," he was saying, to Ellie sarcastically. "Heaven preserve me! I know 'em—all alike. Well, I'm only going to stay a week, anyhow."

But in just exactly an hour Mr. Sydney Channey had changed his mind, having discovered that Miss Ellie King was pretty, and indylike—altogether as different from the species as a humming bird from a vulture.

"A little beauty—a little diamond!" he decided, enthusiastically, which was something very rare for him to do. "What possible fate has placed her here, in this out-of-the-way corner of creation?"

Well, the week came to an end with wonderful rapidity, and it seemed that Ellie and Sydney had been acquainted a lifetime instead of only seven days of escorting her to the schoolhouse and seeing her safely home, of going on one or two dining trips, and some long, delightful walks to the village postoffice, and seven evenings of pleasant conversation, intricate games of chess, or old-fashioned apple roasting frolics.

"I don't want to go away at all," he said, one bright, sharp morning, as he drove her to school.

"But, of course, you must," she answered, gravely. "Men cannot idle their time away."

"It seems that women don't; at all events, you don't," he said, lightly. "Isn't it a terrible bore to travel along in the same rut, day after day, week after week, as you do, Miss Ellie?"

A wicked little sparkle was in her eyes.

"Not half as great a nuisance as to do nothing, as you do."

"But I have brought up not to have anything much to do, you see. It makes a difference."

She fixed her pretty, thoughtful eyes on his handsome face.

"Oh, you are a rich man, then. I thought, somehow, you were not."

He laughed—but the interest bit vexed at her sincere frankness.

"Richish. No, I am not, unless you call three thousand a year a fortune."

"I don't earn half that, yet I call myself rich," Ellie said, gayly. "I don't suppose I expect to inherit a fortune, Mr. Channey?"

"Not unless little catechist! No, I can't say that I do."

"Then, Mr. Channey, you mean to say that you will be obliged to work, so long as you like, idling away your time in whatever amusement happens for the moment; and, having no good object to accomplish, no healthy discipline of duty to suppress you, no necessity to possess enough to feed and clothe you?"

There was a severe, thoughtful sadness in her manner, in her words, that robbed them of all sting, and Sydney Channey looked almost reverently at her.

"—never really thought of it. But"—and a flash reddened his handsome face—"I suppose I confess what I do expect—what I did expect when I left home—that you promise you won't quite—despise me?"

She smiled gravely.

"I can tell you more truthfully when I have heard what you have to say. What is it?"

He looked earnestly in her sweet, womanly face.

"I did intend to marry a fortune, Miss Ellie."

A painful flush surged over her cheeks. She shrank further away from him.

"I knew it!" he said, impetuously. "Did I not say you were too sharp-sighted? Of course, I knew you would, when you heard what I had in my mind, and I deserve to be despised. But don't forget I also said I had given up the idea, although who was one of the most lovely girls imaginable—if all that her friends said of her was true, which I do not doubt. She was not to be for any man, without even her riches."

A silence of some length followed, disturbed only by the soft clang of the sleigh bells. Then Channey broke it:

"Why don't you ask me what has changed my mind, Miss Ellie?"

A gayety, a sweetness in her eyes was instantly hushed.

"Because I think you would tell me if you wanted me to know," she answered readily.

"I do want you to know. It is you."

"I? Why, Mr. Channey, how—when have I impressed you?"

He interrupted her eagerly.

"There has not been on hour that I have not been impressed with your goodness, Miss Ellie. Your words, your daily toil, your cheerful acceptance of the duties devolving upon you, have shown me not only what a selfish, worthless fellow I have been, but what a noble thing it is to live for the sake of myself. Hitherto, in my absurd stupidity, I have considered myself destined to be saved from an honest, manly, workaday life—a sort of glorified idiot, to whom fortune must bring happiness or else be of no use to me."

He paused, and Ellie looked up, almost wistfully, to say:

"I am so glad."

"So am I. I am eager to begin—to be of some use somewhere. What shall I do, Miss Cut and Dried, for a livelihood, or what?"

Ellie smiled—gravely enough, but it was a look that set a thrill of gladness through his heart.

"I have heard you say you read a little law. I think you have a natural taste for elocution and energy into it, and make a mark, and—a fortune!" she added, with a merry laugh.

Channey raised the demure pony in at the schoolhouse door, and assisted Ellie out, with careful consideration.

"It has been such a delightful drive!" she said.

"I'd no idea we were so near the school," he answered, with a laugh. I hardly hasn't seemed more than five minutes' ride. There was something else I wanted to say."

"About letters?" Ellie asked demurely as she unlocked the schoolhouse door.

"Oh, the letters! She can thank her stars she didn't make the mistake of accepting me. She'll find plenty of better fellows than myself. Won't you come in and see if Ben Peters has made you a warm, good fire?"

"Just a minute, while you thaw out. The pony mustn't stand, you know."

"The pony may stand," he returned. "He must stand, Ellie, until you tell me you will marry me—some day—when I've made myself worthy of you, my darling Ellie. Little Girl, you love me? I have loved you from the very first."

All the color forsook her face for a moment.

"Oh, Mr. Channey! you cannot mean this!"

"But I do, dear. I need all your love, your encouragement, your sympathy. Won't you give them to me, with yourself? Do you love me, Ellie?"

And, with tears springing to her eyes, Ellie laid her head on his breast.

"Oh, Sydney, I cannot help it!"

And then he kissed her, and instantly darted away, as a swarm of muffened and hooded and scarfed scholars came trooping in the gate, while Ellie went about her duties with a new sweetness in her face and a deep undertone of jubilant happiness in her voice.

And that evening, when old Eben Orr and his wife sat over the fire, calculating the return from the market sales that day, Sydney and Ellie stood in the window of the adjoining room.

"I want to tell you something, Sydney," she said, in a half-pleading, half-deprecating voice, as she nestled to his side and looked up in his proud, glad face, radiant with the light of new hope—new purpose. "I want to tell you—I—my whole name is Evelyn Montague Carrol—and when Jack talked so much about you, I wanted to know you here, where you were, and learn for myself. You are not angry with me?"

He looked amazedly at her.

"Ellie! You Miss Carrol—Jack's cousin! The heiress—the—the—if I could!"

She caressed his hand, lovingly.

"I'm come you are to marry, if you will, Sydney."

And kissed her.

In an Alaska Snowslide.

Ira F. Wood, writing from Dawson, Yukon Territory, to which place he is published in the Elisabethtown (N. J.) Post, relates:

"We had a little experience in a snowslide Dec. 2. It might interest you. It did me for a few minutes. We killed eight caribou one day. As one wounded animal had strayed some distance from the rest, and we were anxious to get the game out of the hills as soon as possible on account of going in the opposite direction, we decided to haul this one to the foot of the mountain ourselves, to enable the dog driver to get to it from the river.

"The mountains were very steep where we were, and ran almost perpendicular. The ravines were filled with drifted snow, some to a depth that afterward proved surprising. In the course of the morning we thought there was little danger of a snowslide, but started in the caribou to the mountain side through a ravine. We watched the caribou until it reached the bottom. Then, out of no danger, we started on a trip that came near being our last. Three men in front to start. Sitting on his snowshoes he followed the trail of the caribou and reached the bottom in safety.

"I waited until George was nearly down, so as to get into line. Then, placing my snowshoes under me, I followed the course of my companion. It had only gone nicely started when I saw George running for one side of the ravine. As he had, he went to be my last, and even now I wonder what power enabled me to keep on top of that loose, rumbling mass of snow.

"Just before the slide stopped, some distance to the left, I saw George in his struggle for life extend his arms above the snow. So I knew that he still lived. As the slide suddenly stopped I tumbled over great cakes of snow that had piled up near me and made my way as quickly as possible to where I last saw George. As I did, I saw him rise slowly to his feet. As he stood there he looked on the cold day half-exhausted and suffocated with his struggle between life and death, his first words were: 'Ira, we are lucky to get out of this thing alive. I never expected to see you again.'

"Time will undoubtedly erase from my memory a good many of the adventures I have experienced in this land of snow and ice; but I am under the impression that it will be some time before I entirely forget the incident that came so near being fatal on Oct. 28, 1904."

Out in the Cold.

"Have you no home, my poor lad?"
"Not at present. There's a bran' new pair o' twins occupyin' it just now!"

A Cyclone or Two.

"Yes," replied the man from Arkansas when asked if he had ever experienced any cyclones in his locality, "I've been through a cyclone or two, and I don't hanker after any more."

"Can you give us any particulars about them?" was asked.

"Why, yes, a few. When the last cyclone came along I was out in the field plowing with a four-mewl team. I started to run for cover, but I had not gone more'n four rods when the wind picked me up and the next thing I knew I was outside of the back of one o' them mewls and we were both in a tree top fifty feet above the ground. The handles had been twisted out of the plow and driven through the trunk of the tree and one of the other mewls was hangin' to them by his tail."

"That was a queer thing. And so you was left in a tree top?"

"I was."

"And—and——"

"That's all."

"But I want to ask you——"

"I don't care to say anything more."

"But look here," said the questioner, "you were blown into a tree top along with a mule, and——"

"Please don't press me, sir."

"But can't I ask you how you got down?"

"Oh, yes, you can ask that and welcome, and I don't care to tell you that every time along and chopped the tree down. I thought you might be interested. You asked me how my husband off and if I ever recovered it ag'in, and that's a question I hain't going to answer for nobody!"

Divorce Simplified.

In Burmah a divorce is arranged without the aid of lawyers and is very simple. If a husband and wife decide that life together is unendurable, they break an egg and buys two little candles of equal size, made especially for the use of the unhappily wedded. She lights the candle on her end, then she and her husband sit down upon the floor, placing the candles between them. The candles are lighted at the same moment, and one represents the husband, the other the wife. The pair watch the burning tapers anxiously, for custom decrees that the owner of the one which goes out first is at once to leave the house. The wretched candle may have only burned out a moment later, but its possessor remains owner of the house and all its contents, his or her is the humble privilege to take nothing but the clothes worn at the moment.

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Star Monthly, Oak Park, Ills.

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Temple Theatre Mystery.

(Continued from page seven.)

"Where did he want to go? That's what he wanted to know himself!

"Oh, I am looking for a property in this neighborhood," he said evasively. "By the way, do you know those ladies that just drove away in a dogcart?"

The man scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Pears like I seen the young un before, but I dirrenember where. There's a heap of female boarders up round the village, but I s'pose can't keep track of all on 'em, not by no means."

"No, I suppose so," grumbled Pendrick seeing that there was nothing to be learned from this lout.

Well, there was nothing for him to do but set out on foot. He might perhaps be able to pick up information on the way regarding the destination of the dogcart, so tossing the loafer a dime, which he certainly had not earned, he set off in the direction the two women had taken.

He was beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, having taken nothing since early morning, so at the first house he came to, a very humble farmhouse, he asked for a piece of bread and some milk.

The bent old crone, twisted with rheumatism, that served him, was quite ready to answer his questions. The young woman that drove the dogcart was Miss Florrance, who lived with her brother about a mile away, and her description of the means of getting there was succinct enough for him to follow.

He set out on his way refreshed and encouraged, trusting to his wits to show him what to do when he reached his destination.

Pendrick felt a good deal like a stranger in a strange land when he was in the country, and was not on speaking terms with it had been done in the cities, for among the fields he was cast out from his element. But he was not in a position to choose, regretting at the same time that he was dressed as he was, for he was determined to be sure to recognize him if they met.

He had no difficulty in locating the house he was aiming for, a handsome colonial building painted white that stood on a terrace overlooking the road. He skirted it warily, entering the wood that surrounded the park, and then drawing as near as he could to the building seated himself in the shadow of a tree and waited for something to turn up. He could see the dogcart the two young women had occupied just being driven into the stable by a red-faced man smoking a pipe.

Presently a young fellow in a golf suit came out of the house and began talking to the man. He held a paper in his hand which from the yellow color must have been a telegram.

As the wind was blowing toward him from their direction and the place was quiet, Pendrick caught these fragmentary sentences that greatly interested him:

"You put on your livery, Jevons, and take the cart down to meet the afternoon trains."

"An' who might ye be expectin', sir?"

"Well, I was expecting the lawyer Ferguson, but this telegram is to tell me that he is too busy to come, but that he'll send his assistant that I can rely on. I suppose I'll have to put up with him, but I'd rather have the head one than one I have never seen and know nothing about. You hitch up after lunch, will you, for there is no mention of what train he'll arrive on."

"A'right, Mister Jack," replied the coachman, for such he seemed to be, and then the two men passed out of hearing, the younger entering the house.

Pendrick had heard quite enough to set him thinking as he strolled into the heart of the woods.

"This lawyer they are expecting may not arrive for hours yet," he argued. "Why should I not anticipate his visit? I might learn something worth while, and should not be a bit surprised if the lawyer's summons has something to do with the arrival of the actress. By Jove!" looking down at his black clothes, "I am certainly attired as a soft family lawyer should be. I'll do it!"

A few minutes later he rang the bell of the colonial mansion.

"Just tell Mr. Florrance," he said to the trim waiting maid who opened the door, "that the lawyer from New York is waiting to see him."

In the Ledger of next week another installment of this mysterious story will appear. With each subscription to the Ledger we give a free camera or patterns as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

How Snipkins Did It.

It is worth putting on record an experience of a young man whom we will call Snipkins. He was about nineteen years old, and undertook to learn telegraphy because he was fascinated. He thought that to be a telegraph operator was to be the most enviable creature on earth.

So he obtained permission to practice in a Navigable office where not more than one or two messages were sent or received in a day.

Mr. Thomas Cleveland, who was the station agent, the porter, the operator, and everything else, showed the young man how to make the alphabet, and Snipkins set about the task of learning with a proud heart. For an hour or more he perked at the key, mastering one letter after another.

"You are making fine progress," said Mr. Cleveland, encouragingly; "and say, Snipkins, whenever anybody comes in to send a message you just pretend that you are the operator, take the message and the pay for it, rattle the key so as to make believe you are sending it, and then hang the message on the hook. When I get to it I will send it."

This pleased the young man very much. It was the height of his ambition to be deemed an operator, and he rattled the key very eloquently whenever any wide-eyed villager happened to be looking.

Pretty soon a gentleman came in with a message which he said must be sent right away.

"I will send it at once," said Snipkins, and with a glad heart sat down and rattled away for perhaps ten seconds. Then he hung the message on the hook and leaned back with an air that said:

"What do you think of me?"

"Why don't you send my message?" asked the man.

"I have; it has gone," said Snipkins, sorry for the poor, ignorant layman.

"Gone? What do you mean? There it is on that hook."

"You don't suppose we send the paper that the message is written on, do you?" said Snipkins, loftily.

"Don't you?" said the customer.

"Certainly not," and Snipkins laughed a little at the poor fellow's ignorance.

"Well," said the man, "that's news to me. How on earth do you do it, then?"

"You say me send it. That's all there is to it."

"Well, well," said the astonished customer, "and how long before it will be there?"

"It's there now."

"Is that so? Well, well! Telegraphing is pretty quick business, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Snipkins, condescending to be locuter for the moment; "it is as quick as lightning."

The man came round inside the railing and flattered Snipkins by asking him to please explain how the thing worked—what made the message go, and how it came to get there so quickly.

What Snipkins didn't know about this part of it would have made a coverlet for all time, with some square miles left to lap over into eternity. He had no word of an idea how the electric current was run. He had never been introduced to a battery, and was not on speaking terms with even a ground wire. But he had a splendid imagination, and with it created a scheme of telegraphy quite as wonderful as anything Professor Morse had ever dreamed of. He told the whole thing to the bewildered listener, and made an explanation as clear as mud.

"Well, sir," said the customer, when everything had been explained at great length and with lofty condescension, that is the most wonderful thing I ever heard of. My stars! what a revolution is the last six months. Now, when I quitted operating last November, it was all done quite another way. When we wanted to send a message we opened the key this way, and up to the other office this way, or called the other office and answered—sent the message this way."

The customer was Mr. R. W. Wilson, one of the oldest telegraph operators in the country.

When young Snipkins had returned to consciousness he was Tom Cleveland standing behind the freight desk laughing himself blue in the face. That is the way the old telegraphers sometimes treat the rube in the office. Cleveland had arranged the whole thing with his old friend Wolcott.

Deep Drinking.

A clever writer in the London Chronicle says: "A Rhodes scholar has been telling the Chicago Daily News that in Oxford a man has only to drink a quart of small beer without a breath and at once he becomes a hero. This is a picturesque way of referring to the ancient and honorable custom of 'sconcing' at dinner in hall. For certain offenses against etiquette, such as spooning, swearing or talking 'shop,' an undergraduate may be 'sconced' or fined by the head of the room, being a quart of beer or something like it. In the normal course of things the fine is done simply takes a sip at the tankard and then circulates it round the table for all who choose to follow suit. But, at some colleges at least, if he can drink the quart off without taking breath he frees everybody at the table in a like penalty.

"If the Rhodes scholar who has been describing to Chicago the Oxford system of 'sconces' had gone on to a German university he would have found that the man who can drink a quart of beer without taking breath is not a hero, but only an ordinary student. At the German kneip, or club meeting for the drinking of beer and the singing of student songs, there is a special challenge to a bier-konig (beer-king) contest. The huge pots are filled, the duellists face each other and at the word of command they drink. The first who can invert an empty pot and sputter 'bier-konig' wins."

Drinking without going to the trouble of following is thus described by the same writer. This form of friendly duel has revolved a method of drinking that may be seen in Egypt, where a native seems to pour water down his throat without that sort of lock system our less educated canals demand. A German student will bring pot at mouth to the intimate angle and down goes the beer without a tremor of the throat. This, of course, gives no pleasure but to the wondering onlooker; it is merely an acrobatic feat."

Making Crystals.

Dissolve ordinary soda in a glass of water, putting in as much soda as the water will take up. Then tie a bean to a string and let it hang in the water so that it will be entirely submerged. The best way to do this is to tie the other end of the string to a piece of wire or something similar that can be laid across the top of the tumbler.

Before long a curious thing will happen to the bean. It begins to cover itself with tiny spines, until at last it looks like a tiny ball.

The explanation is simple. The bean is very porous and soaks up a lot of water, but the soda in the water cannot enter the bean and stays outside.

A funny thing can be shown by hanging some object that is not porous alongside of the bean, such as a piece of glass. Long after the bean has disappeared under its accumulation of soda crystals the bit of glass will remain the same as it was.

A Misunderstanding.

"I've got a dark-blue pane," said the man who entered the office of the specialist, "and I want—"

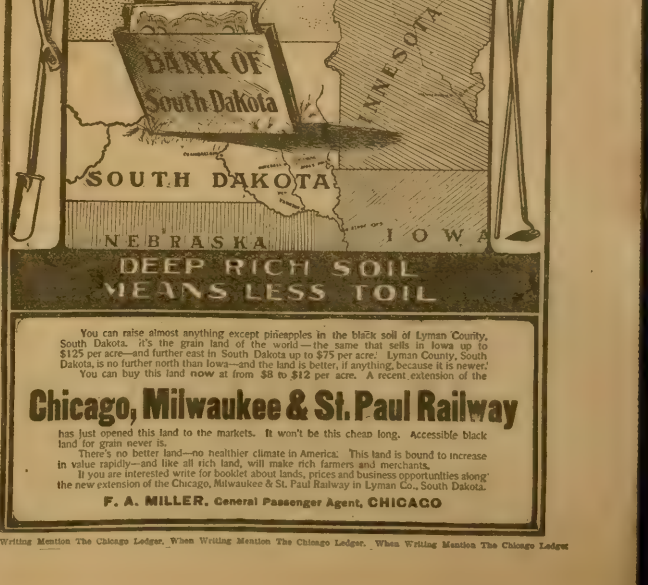
"Bit down a moment," said the doctor. He busied himself at his desk for awhile, then turned and said: "A dark blue pain? Um—ah—ummmm! Where—"

"Under my arm, sir—"

"Um—ah—ummmm! A dark-blue pain under your arm. Just so. Quit eating meat, smoke but one cigar a day, go to bed at 7 p. m., and get up at 4 a. m.; ride a horse for two hours every morning, and on no account subject yourself to any excitement. Ten dollars, please."

"Say, doctor," said the stranger, "I guess you don't understand me. I've got that dark-blue pane of glass you ordered put in the window of your operating room—"

he indicated the package he was carefully under his arm.—Judge.



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BACK TO THE SOIL;

OR

The Plain Road to Success

By HENRY E. SCOTT.

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CHAPTER X.

CYBURN'S ISLAND.

Mark laid his gun aside, grasped the paddle, and now that Uncle Dan had help the bateau moved through the water so rapidly that it soon entered the mouth of the creek the negro had indicated.

There was no perceptible current, and they followed the windings of the stream as it wound around into the [illegible] stopping only [illegible] to [illegible] a wood duck or mud [illegible] perched [illegible] on the bow, brought his gun to bear on.

Immense cypress and juniper trees fringed the banks and the limbs festooned with hanging moss almost formed an archway over the stream.

It was dismal enough for dark deeds," observed Mark.

"An' dere one nigger runerway hid in dis swamp [illegible] an' white people as [illegible] would [illegible] I could tell yo' some strange things that happened in dis swamp; only [illegible] too jubus [illegible] perched [illegible]

"Some evening Uncle Dan What island is that we are passing now." It seems to be another one, and the creek divides."

"It's another island, but not de one we arter. Keep yer eye right yere."

After an hour's paddling, and when even Mark began to tire of the work, Uncle Dan observed, as he glanced ahead:

"We's dar, boy—jus' de bateau ergroun' in dat bush. Jumpers in place, though I ain't been yere fer years. Dat cabin was des back dar erbout three hundred feet. See back dar? Dat's it. Dis is de highest island in le swamp."

They soon leaped out on dry ground and pulled the bateau half out of the water.

Mark looked at his watch. "It is twelve o'clock," he said, "a few hours since we left home. How the time does fly! We had best eat our dinner here," and they were soon busily engaged disposing of it, seated under a giant pine.

"So we are near the very spot where the tragedy occurred, Uncle Dan? It was terrible."

"I will show yo' de berry tree, 'gins which Foster's body was washed out. It's a long leaf pine an' de bigges' one on de island. It wan't dead when I was yere de las' time. I 'clare, Sis Rachel meks good bacon."

"Don't she, though?" observed Harry, who was eating his fourth one.

"Hush talkin', boy! Yo's growin' an' ta'astes good. Now lemme light my pipe, an' we soon be dar. I ain' see nary gator since we entered de creek. Dey 'pear to be all eatin' now. Yo' see dis sneaks up under de water fowls an' grabs 'em."

"Do they do that, Uncle Dan?"

"Sure da does, boy. Well, le's be movin'." They parted shrubbery and tangled vines and struggled up a gradual incline until finally Daniel came to a halt.

"De pine is dead," he said. "Dat's it—an' dar's whar de cabin stood. See dat hole full ob water—dat was de cellar. Don't put yo' han' on dat pine, boy. It give yo' bad luck. See dat rotten wood? It mus' be from some ob dem ole logs what de cabin was mek of."

There was a depression of four or five feet with a foot or more of water in the bottom.

"Here, then, is where Ridly and Foster died," mused Mark. "It is a gloomy place, and now I have seen it I have no desire to remain longer."

"I wouldn't stay yere arter dark," announced Daniel. "Fer de plantashun in Georgy."

At this point Pompey sat down at the foot of the big pine and loking up into his master's face howled and howled.

"Dere—yo' hear dat, Marse Mark? De dorg knows dat dis ain't no place to be," ejaculated Daniel without further delay he made for the bateau, followed by the boys.

A large gray squirrel was perched on the bow of the bateau, inspecting the contents of the craft. Harry raised his shotgun.

"Not yere, boy, not yere! Don' yo' see, not when Pompey is arter it? De place is ha'nted! It's ha'nted fer true!"

In two minutes more our three explorers were seated in the bateau and leaving the scene of Clyburn's double tragedy behind them.

As they were skirting up the bayou's side after passing out of the creek, Daniel suddenly observed:

"We seen' wet dem ta'ish lines yet, an' dis is de bes' place fer it. Dat's grinnel yere an' basses an' troute, an' [illegible] us better try dem. I wants ter [illegible] we's gwine' fer a mess."

Three lines, the hooks attached to which were soon dangling in the water, and Mark—who got the first bite.

"Easy, boy, careful. Dat's a grinnel. It's a fine fish, an' mighty good eatin'. Don' de line, boy—jerk it out [illegible] pull him out yet—no, no, no!"

But too late. Mark had jerked Uncle Dan's

"It's a strong one!" cried Harry.

[illegible] soon tire him out an' gib up. When he [illegible] ter slack up on de line, pull him in. Grinnels ain' lak oder fish [illegible] kin—now pull hard. Dat's it—got er bite, Marse Mark, but 'tain't a grinnel. Dat's a bass, see de difference? What I tole yo'" as Mark landed a fine fish.

[illegible] grinnel, an' lay dar wid yo' mate,'

"Nearly the same size, too," said Harry.

The lines dangled a few minutes longer, when suddenly Mark's dashed off with a quick jerk that bent the pole, and as he undertook to pull in, a struggle commenced. "See 'im him play a little," Dan said. "Dat a trout—see how wigerous he pulls. I 'ought so," as Mark landed the fish.

The three fished away for about an hour, and then headed for the mouth of the creek. It was nearing 4 o'clock, and frequent flocks of ducks were making their way to their favorite feeding-ground for their evening meal. They secured a number before entering the creek's mouth.

"It is difficult," Mark observed, "fixing into a flock without getting some of them. I had no idea there was such fine shooting here. This shall not be our last trip. Why, there is money in game when it comes so easy."

As they drew up to the landing they were greeted by all of the family, including the teacher and Rachel.

"We began to be frightened about you," Lucy said.

"Did you shoot any ducks?" asked Roy.

"Oh, what is that?" exclaimed Ella, as she caught sight of Harry.

"Dat's Br'er Crane," Rachel said.

"He a beauty," remarked Miss Murry. "I will did you tell him?"

"Br'er Crane des as good as chicken," observed Rachel, "though I 'spects dat mighty fishy."

"Where is my little Mabel?" asked Mark, as they fastened the bateau and clambered ashore.

"Here I am, brother. The hens were fed, the pigs were fed, the horses were fed and watered, and Aunt Rachel has milked the cow."

"What a splendid lot of helpers I have!" Mark said.

"Aunt Rachel has supper all ready," announced Lucy.

"I think," observed Mark, "that we will have a load for each one of you to carry to the house. Little Mabel, can you carry the crane, and you, Ella, this wild goose?"

"Oh, brother, brother!"

"Roy, how many of these ducks can you carry? There are twenty-seven in all."

"De lat' asker' ter needed help will hab ter bring a basket."

"I brought one down," Roy said. "I thought you might need it."

"There are thirty-five fish, you and I will carry them in the basket, Uncle Dan. It will hold a bushel. There, pile the rest of the ducks on top."

The happy throng made its way to the house, where a new surprise awaited Mark, when the stay-at-homes showed him a water bucket full of fish that they had caught from the bridge.

"I's carn eat all dis game," observed Daniel. "Yo' hab ter take some ob it de cellar whar it keep cool, an' take a trip ter Summerdale Monday mawnin' wid er load ob game."

"We must not forget Colonel Robins," added Lucy.

"Nor Mr. Pond, nor Elbert and the postmaster," added Mark, as he assisted Daniel to carry the basket downstairs.

It was 7 o'clock by the time the boys were cleaned up for supper, and while seated they related the experiences of the day, and listened to the tales of the fishing party who had remained home.

"So you actually saw the spot where Clyburn did that dreadful deed? I am glad I was not there," observed Lucy

"It was a gloomy place, sister. Well, it was our first day's sport, and some day I will take you all on a trip to the bayou. It is well worth seeing."

CHAPTER XI.

CHRISTMAS DAYS.

The day following Mark's trip to Clyburn swamp, a pair of fine fat mallards were sent to Mrs. Robins, with a note from Lucy, which brought a reply in favor of them. Hi Pond, John Wilber and the postmaster also received presents, and the clergyman's wife was not forgotten.

Neither Colonel Robins nor postmaster had predicted the failure of the young farmers, he had patronized them from the first load of produce they had sent to market, and was fairly outdid Hi Pond in praising there.

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[illegible] that those [illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible] of them. Hi Pond, John Wilber and the postmaster received [illegible] and the clergyman's wife was not forgotten.

The [

day this week. You know Christmas Eve is next Tuesday. There will be a good display of stockings hung up in our home."

"School closes Friday night until after the first of January," said Miss Murry, "and I will be pleased to go."

Thus it was that three of the inmates of the Bridge farm home were going the rounds of the stores in Summerdale on the succeeding Friday, and it required considerable tact on Mark's part to elude Lucy just when he wanted the aid of Miss Murry alone in making some selection for her, and to elude Miss Murry when he wished Lucy's aid in making some selection for the teacher.

It was well on toward evening when Dolly trotted homeward and three young people quite contented and happy rode in the buggy behind her, while numerous packages and bundles rested on their laps and lay at their feet in the buggy bottom.

The following Monday Harry and Roy had business in town, and nothing must do but Mabel must ride in with her brothers in the market wagon, and as happy as the young mites seemed, she was very secretive on her return home.

On Tuesday morning the children were all in a state of expectancy of the events to transpire on the morrow, and Aunt Rachel and Daniel were evidently not less so.

"I gwine get up er scrumpshus dinner tomorrer," announced dusky Rachel, "I gwine mek a chicken pie—dat's what."

"Oh, Aunt Rachel! and a mince pie!"

"Hush yo' talkin', chile! I'se gwine hab mo' dan dat. Yo's gwine hab cilly bubsan' yo's bwine hab hubbard squash, an' yo'se gwine hab sweet potaters an' Irish potaters, an' jelly cake an' mince pie an'—de Lawd! I does wish we had er 'possum. Br'er Daniel, does yo' 'member dat song, 'Come, Lawdy, won't it all be grand, when dar's nothin' but watermillion an' 'possum in de lan'?"

"Shua! I guess I does, Sis Rachel. I'se

"We's dar, boy."

dancee ter dat tune mo' dan once. If I had my old fiddle yere I could play it now."

"I wish you would get that fiddle the next time you go to London, Uncle Dan, and then we can have some music."

At the supper table that night plans were made for a good time Wednesday, and Mark suggested that all retire at an early hour so as to give Santa Claus a chance.

"Hang all your stockings up in the front room," he explained, "as Saint Nick will probably descend the chimney of the open fireplace."

All laughed with glee at this remark, as not one but had arrived at that age where a boy or girl generally has a realization of who the Santa Claus is on whom they rely to fill their stockings.

"I think, Mark," observed Lucy, "that I shall hang up my stockings. Let the children do that."

"Dear sister," said her brother, "I can never hear to that. I know that early cares have rendered a woman of you, while you are yet but one of the children. I am sure our stockings will be hung up unless you do."

"Oh, you must, sister! You must. I just know Santa Claus will put something in them."

"Well, Mabel, to please you all I will; but it recalls so many happy times when dear mamma hung up our stockings for us, that it must be done."

"You must hang yours up, Miss Murry," said Mark.

"It is no use! As general director I demand it."

"Well, then, I suppose I must yield."

"Hang yours on the dining-room doorknob, Aunt Rachel."

"Is I gwine hang mine up? Da so big I 'spect Santa Claus dee 'bout get skeered out, but I'se gwine obey orders."

"Hang yours over a chair by the kitchen stove, Uncle Dan."

"De lan' sake! I ain' hung up my stockin's for fifty year, an' I ain' spec Santer Claus' ter fill dem, if I does; but as Sis Rachel says, I gwine 'bey orders."

"Yours, brother Mark?"

"Oh, I shall hang mine up. I like the custom. Now, each of you must write your name on a slip of paper and pin it to your stocking. It will keep Saint Nick from getting confounded."

"I'll hafter mek my mark, boy, I spec, bein' I carn write."

"Oh, he can never mistake yours and Aunt Rachel's stockings from the children's, Uncle Dan."

There were lively times and much laughter while the stockings, small and large, were being hung at different points.

The younger members of the family were finally got off to bed, leaving Lucy, Mark and Miss Murry to execute the will of St. Nicholas; then bundles and packages were brought forth, and when these three bade each other good-night there were but three pairs of stockings that had not been filled—and slim enough, compared to the others, they looked as they hung limp and empty upon the wall.

These three pair were of course the property of the three persons remaining in the room, and each desired the absence of the other two, each knowing full well what the others desired.

Lucy and Miss Murry laughingly left the field to Mark, who soon had their stockings as full as were the others.

After Mark had retired, the young ladies in turn visited the room, and, later still, small feet came tripping down the stairs to aid Saint Nick in his work.

At an early hour Wednesday morning all was action, and "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" was the greeting heard by each, as the overwrought hosiery and bundles attached were removed from hook, door knob and chair.

"After, Mara! this is too good of you

What a beautiful dress pattern, and what a lovely little watch! Oh, and this set of knives and forks is just lovely, and I wanted—my name Mary" he engraved on the handles, too. They are just lovely!"

"It was Santa Claus, dear Lucy."

"Whittier's poems, a volume I have long wished for!

"I expect you will find the name of the donor under the cover, Lucy."

"Oh, Miss Murry! it was so kind of you. A cook book from Harry, from Ella a lovely vase, from Roy a pretty handkerchief, from Mark a handsome lace collar. What is this from Aunt Rachel? A pair of stockings! Oh, and an apron from Uncle Dan. I never deserved all of this."

"Much more, Lucy dear."

There were tracing their way down her cheeks.

"Hurrah, hurrah!" shouted Harry; "a book on training farm animals and how to successfully raise them, a needle, two new knives and another necktie, a dozen pens, and a pen holder—oh, lots of things! Hurrah for Saint Nick!"

"A new pearl-handled knife with four blades," cried Roy, "a book about fishing, a pair of clothes and lots of things. Hurrah for Saint Nick!"

"A beautiful dress pattern!" Ella said, "and a book on poultry, a neck ribbon, three pieces of jewelry, a lot of bon, three pieces of jewelry, a lot of candy, raisins and nuts. Oh! oh! oh!"

Then Mabel was heard: "A new dress, and as sure as can be, a pair of shoes, a neck ribbon, a pair of gloves, a box of paper, a book on flowers, a ring, candy, raisins and nuts. Oh, my, what a good Santa Claus!"

"He has been good to me," said Miss Murry. "This beautiful album I shall prize highly, as I do the friendship of its donors, Mark and Lucy, also the other tokens."

"I have not been forgotten," observed Mark. "This book on business forms and rules, from Miss Murry, will be of almost daily use. Your handsome gift of handkerchiefs and gloves, Lucy, were well chosen, and these other articles from the rest of you are all appreciated. Saint Nicholas has certainly filled us."

"Dat he ain!" exclaimed Rachel. "I'se got a new frock pattern, two pair ob stockings, a pair ob 'slippers an' mo' goods dan I kin take keer ob."

"I gwine hab new pair ob pants right on, an' fill dis pipe outen dis new package ob terbacker, an' take er smoke de Lawd thing," remarked Daniel. "Huh! yere's a whole box ob fishhooks. Now dem grinnels 'll ketch it."

"I believe, Miss Murry," said Mark, later in the day, "that the surest way to secure happiness is to contribute to the happiness of others."

"No doubt of it," observed the teacher; "but in many cases people are too late in finding it out."

Aunt Rachel's Christmas dinner was voted a grand success, although it can hardly be said that she succeeded in carrying out a theme she had made known when she said: "I'se gwine feed yo' all till yo' can't walk."

Remembrances were brought to the children for several days from those interested in them, by Mark when he returned from his trips to town, and, take it all in all, it was

How the Washboard wears out Clothes.

TAKE a new shirt. Soil it well!
Wash soap it, and rub the stains out of it on a Washboard.
Do this six times. Then look at the hems, collar and cuff edges, and the button holes, closely.
You'll find them all badly frayed, ripped, thinned,—worn out more than from three months' hard steady use.
Half the life of the garment gone,—eaten up by the Washboard.
Shirt cost a dollar, say,—washboard takes 50c of wear out of it,—you get what's left.
Why don't you cut out the washboard?
Use a "Water Witch" instead.
That is new writable. It drives the water through the clothes like a force pump. It takes out all the stains, in half the time, without wearing a single thread, or cracking a button.
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I'll pay the freight too, so that you may test my offer entirely at my expense. Use it a month, free of charge.
If you like it then, you may keep it.
If you don't like it, send it back to me, at my expense
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How could I make a cent out of that deal, if the "Water Witch" wouldn't actually wash clothes in half the time, with half the wear, and do all that I say it will?
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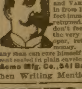

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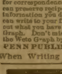

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a memorable Christmas to the residents of the home at Bridge farm.

CHAPTER XII.
THE FATE OF TOBY.

Returning from Summerdale on the afternoon of the fifteenth of January, Mark stopped at the residence of Colonel Robins. He found that the Colonel was out to the barns giving some instructions in regard to stock, and drove the mare out there.

"Colonel," he said, "I was to deliver you three two-hundred-pound hogs during this month for the three sows you let me have last February. Are you ready for them?"

"Why, yes, Mark, any time. How many have you? How old are those pigs?"

"That first bunch is eight months; there were twenty-two of them. I sold eight at the fair for twenty dollars each last November, and five I have sold since at the same price, leaving but nine. They are fine pigs and will average over two hundred pounds each. I have three sold for delivery this week, and I would like you to see them and select yours before any more are taken away."

"Very well, Mark, they are choice stock and you can do better with them than by selling them for slaughter. You need not deliver them. I will send a wagon over for them in the morning. I will come myself and select them. I may wish to keep them for breeding. Why, that will leave you but six pigs, besides the sows."

"But there are twenty fall pigs; they are fine, too."

"Why, boy, you are moving right along. Fall pigs require care and attention, but my experience is that it pays to raise them. I have a sale here the second of next month and any you care to dispose of can probably be sold then. Many breeders will be here."

"Thank you, Colonel. I will look for you in the morning. Good-night."

"Won't you go to the house, Mark?"

"I will pay my respects as I pass out, Colonel."

"There's a boy that will get there," thought the planter, as Mark drove away.

The following morning the Colonel selected three fine hogs, and expressed himself as being well pleased. He greatly admired the fall pigs and commended Mark's management of the stock and place in general. He stopped at the cottage for a few minutes and chatted with Lucy and the children, and Aunt Rachel availed herself of the opportunity to inquire after Miss Anice and the children. She wound up as usual with the remark: "Marse Nat, yo' ain't heard nothin' ob Cisro, is yo'?"

"Not a word, Rachel," replied the Colonel, "not a word."

"I spec de chile dead," said the negress, solemnly shaking her head. "He shua mus' be dead."

"We are all in the hands of the Lord, Rachel," said the planter, as he entered his buggy.

"Bless de Name! Dat is de trufe."

Mark had his corn husked and all of his crops housed at the proper time. Some three hundred bushels of potatoes, turnips and carrots had been securely packed away. He had had a passing machine of the neighborhood thrash out his oats, and the bright straw, to be used as bedding for the stock, was nicely packed behind the barn. The drilled corn had been cut and fed during the summer. A large number of hubbard squash and pumpkins were stored in the barn, and there were aples enough in the fruit-room at the house to fill fifty barrels.

Lucy and Aunt Rachel had enough fruit, of the berry and peach kind, preserved in jars to last the family for fully a year, while a barrel of cucumber pickles was in the cellar, a keg of apple butter and no end of cabbage, onions and beets.

The one cow had furnished milk enough for the family, but "Beauty," as Lucy had named the heifer calf, was growing rapidly and some day they would have two cows, at least, and then they would be able to make butter.

Since November Mark had been running a plow when not busy at something else, and nearly all of the soil had been turned over for the crop of 1891.

There seeming to be more leisure than usual, wood was hauled up from the timber pasture for the coming season's use, and the outbuildings whitewashed.

"Why don't yo' wait till summer fer doin' dis whitewashin', boy?" Uncle Dan had asked.

"By doing it now we prevent thousands of pests in the spring. While they are in the crevices and cracks we seal them in for good; besides, we will whitewash again before the summer is over."

"Yo' shua does b'lieve in lime."

"It's a cheap beautifier, a preservative of wood, a destroyer of nits, lice and germs, as well as being a health promoter; there you have five good reasons for using it, Uncle Dan. Many people would look in vain for one, for doing many things that had been better left undone."

"Sich as what, Marse Mark?"

"Well, getting drunk, for one thing, being shiftless and postponing things that should be done at once to future days—idling away time——"

"Yo' got er wise head on yo' shoulders, boy, if 'tis a young one."

"The responsibility that devolved upon me while yet a boy is probably accountable for that, Uncle Dan. I had to meet it or see my brothers and sisters without a home."

"God helped yo', boy."

"I know it, Uncle Dan."

The fifty pullets that had been selected from the May hatch and kept for winter laying were now demonstrating that there was a good reason for keeping them, for they were filling Ella's basket every day and adding five dollars a week to the revenue of Bridge farm.

Though the rye field and orchard had been great runs for the poultry and young pigs, many a load of screenings Mark had brought from the grist mill in Summerdale.

Quite an event occurred at the home one day in the early part of February. Mark had determined to butcher one of the pigs and salt the meat down for family use. He had brought a pork barrel from town and placed it in the cellar, saying nothing about it.

About 4 o'clock one morning Dan crept out of the house and built a fire under the large iron kettle in front of the pens, that was used for boiling feed for the stock.

Mark joined him by the time the water was hot, and placed an empty barrel on incline in a hole he had dug for the purpose.

"Is yo' brought dem knives, boy? I'se all ready."

"Here they are. What are those curry combs out here for?"

"Curry combs de berry t'ing fer rake off de hair. Jes' try 'em once."

"Shall we put the hot water in the barrel now, Uncle Dan?"

"Wait till I stick de pig, boy. We mus' hab him ready fust. Dar comes dat nigger, Julius. I tole him ter come an' he'p us. Dat pig mighty heavy. He weigh erbout two hunderd an' fifty pounds. Good-mawnin', Julius, yo's jes' in time."

In five minutes more Daniel climbed into the pen where the porker condemned to the slaughter was confined.

"Only for his broken leg we would not have him to kill,' 'observed Mark. "He broke it when he was only two weeks old, and it has been crooked ever since. He is a fine hog, and——"

A terribly sharp squeal came from the pen, and "Toby," as Roy had named him, leaped up from his bed of straw, the blood gushing from the knife thrust in his throat.

"Poor fellow," said Mark. "I would not have the children see you now for the price of a dozen hogs."

The victim staggered around the pen for a minute or two, finally fell to his knees, toppled over and was ready for the barrel.

When Roy and Mabel went out to feed the poultry later, they saw suspended from a beam, supported by the forked limbs of two trees and hanging head downward, a dressed hog.

They stood looking at it for a minute, when Roy exclaimed:

"It's Toby! See the broken leg. Poor old Toby! I'll not eat any of you."

"Nor I!" cried Mabel.

The two children fled to the house, Mabel crying over the fate of Toby; but there were two splendid smoked hams, two smoked shoulders, a barrel full of pork, a jar of splendid white lard, a large head of cheese and souse, to say nothing of the spareribs and tenderloins—all furnished by Toby.

"Dem chilluns dun forget erbout Toby now," laughed Aunt Rochel. "He taste mighty good."

"He is fulfilling his destiny," Mark said. "Many farmers would have knocked him in the head when he broke his leg. We put splints on it and brought him out with the result——"

"But you killed him later," said Lucy. "Where do you claim credit for showing mercy in the first place?"

"Humph! I can claim none, sister. It was a selfish interest that spared him. The whole animal creation is here to serve the purposes of man—a creature as merciless as the most virulent among them when his interest is at stake."

This charming story of farm life will be continued in next week's Ledger. Each person who subscribes for the Ledger is entitled to our free cameras and patterns, as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

The Story of a Pet Gander.

A gentleman noted for his fondness for pets lived on a farm in Kentucky. One morning a rustling in an inverted barrel just outside the stable door attracted his attention, and curiosity led him to lift the the barrel.

Out rushed a large white gander, hissing, flapping his wings and uttering a succession of discordant squawks. It turned out that some neighbor had put him there for a joke at the expense of the lover of pets.

After a few days of wildness "Major," as his new master called him, settled down with the evident intention of making the best of his companionless surroundings. He soon learned to take corn from his owner's hand, and followed him to the fields, walking majestically up and down the rows of tobacco, so that by night his wings were covered with the black gum from the leaves.

For a roosting place he chose the fern bed under his master's window, heralding the dawn of each morning with a note that never failed to rouse his indulgent friend.

A sad fate awaited Major. One morning while his master was looking for the horses Major ventured too near the heels of a vicious thoroughbred, that gave him such a violent kick that he was killed.

Might Have Known It.

Old Party—Were you named after your father?

Little Fletcher—Sure! He's lots older than I am.

Why the Serenade Failed.

Over at New Hope a Mr. Dunkel, who had just returned from Europe, brought with him a "harmonicon." It is an instrument constructed a good deal like a hand organ, but it is larger and ten times as powerful. When it is turned on suddenly in a quiet place it affects the nerves of unsuspecting people very much as if a cannon were fired close to their ears. A lot of young fellows who had never heard it played got Dunkel to lend it to them one night for the purpose of serenading Miss Brown.

They put the concern in a wagon, and, with the help of an urbane mule, they hauled it around in front of Brown's house about 11 o'clock at night. There they halted, and the suave mule went calmly to sleep, while they made the machine ready for action.

The first tune for which the barrel was set was "Thou'lt Never Cease to Love." Young McIntosh took hold of the handle and gave it a few preliminary grinds in order to fill the bellows; and still that mild-mannered mule slumbered. No one ever knew what he was dreaming of; but the next minute McIntosh gave the crank another turn, and a fearful B flat came screeching out on the night wind with the vehemence of a locomotive whistle.

A second later that mule was proceeding down the street at the rate of forty knots an hour, with the harmonicon at his heels, and before he could be checked he went over the wharf into the river.

Old Brown, meantime, had his head out of the window calling for the police, under the impression that he had heard a blood-curdling cry of "Murder!" and in a few moments the whole population of the village was in the street. They fished out the serenaders and they they angled for the mule and the harmonicon, and the serenade was postponed for that evening.

The next strains that break upon the ear of Miss Brown while she is slumbering will probably come from an accordion. Mules haven't got enough sentiment for nocturnal music.

Personal.

Paderewski can play from memory more than 500 compositions.

James R. Garfield may be the candidate for Congress next year from Cleveland.

King Edward VII. always carries a "first aid to the injured" outfit in his automobile.

Mark Twain smokes constantly when writing. He "swore off" for a year and did practically nothing during that period.

Ex-Governor "Bob" Taylor of Tennessee has indicated his intention to try for the seat of the United States Senate now occupied by Mr. Carmack.

Marshall Roberts occupies the more or less enviable position of being the only native-born American who ever became an officer in the British Life Guards.

Baron Speck von Sternburg, German ambassador, is the only member of the diplomatic corps who can boast the popular distinction of a nickname. He is known as "Speck."

Congressman "Big Tim" Sullivan of New York is tired of representing his State in the lower house at Washington, and is to seek election as State Senator. He says: "Washington seems a good deal farther from the Bowery than Albany."

Charles M. Harger of an Abilene (Kan.) paper has been elected "professor of journalism" in the Kansas University and is receiving the enthusiastic congratulations of the editors of the State, who hope that "he will now make a living."

John Wirt Randall of Annapolis, Md., a descendant of William Wirt, has in his possession the original letter written by Thomas Jefferson offering to the distinguished Maryland lawyer the position of the presidency of the University of Virginia.

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The Other Two.

Robertus Love is vice-president of the American Press Humorists. The following is an extract from an address he delivered recently:

"I was born in Missouri and am prouder of it than Missouri is, so far as I have been able to ascertain. Missouri has three preeminent natives. Mark Twain is one of them. Modesty forbids me to complete the list. However, I may refer you to a story of the three greatest liars. At a dinner in the Lotus Club, or the Lambs' Club, or maybe it was the Policemen's Club, in New York, General 'Ben' Butler remarked that he was acquainted with the three greatest liars in America.

"'Name them!' shouted the company.

"'I don't like to be personal in my remarks,' said the General, looking out of his funny eye at Eli Perkins, who sat three seats away.

"'Out with 'em!' demanded the crowd. 'Who are the three greatest liars in America?'

"'Well, Mark Twain is one of them,' admitted the General, 'and Eli Perkins is the other two.'"

He Silenced the Kicker.

A woman lives at one of the Kansas City hotels who has the reputation of being rather finicky and hard to please in the matter of food. A day or so ago at lunch, after looking over the dessert list, she decided on some ice cream pudding. The meal had been one with which she had had considerable difficulty in finding any fault, but when she had about half finished the dessert she called the waiter over and said:

"George, what do you mean by calling this ice cream pudding? There isn't any ice cream about it, and you know it."

"Yes'm," said the waiter. "I know dere ain't no ice cream in it, Dat's jes' a name dey give it. I do' know why."

"Well," she continued, "I think that if they give a dish such a name they ought to make it conform to the name, and if you call this ice cream pudding you ought to bring some ice cream with it."

"Yes'm," answered the waiter, "but you know we can't allus do it that way. You know we doesn't bring a cottage in with cottage pudding."

The little Doctor, in your Vest Pocket

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It contains Six Candy Tablets of pleasant taste, almost as pleasant as Chocolate.

Each tablet is a working dose of Cascarets, which acts like Exercise on the Bowels and Liver.

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These waste Digestive Juices of the system needed to-morrow, in merely flushing-out the Bowels today.

* * *

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These emergency drugs relieve the immediate trouble, but do not relieve its Cause.

The same trouble will therefore recur again till that Cause is removed permanently.

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They stimulate the Bowel Muscles to contract, expand, and squeeze the Digestive juices out of food eaten.

Cascarets do this naturally, without purging or discomfort.

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This is why, with Cascarets, the dose may be lessened each succeeding time instead of increased, as it must be with all succeeding doses of other Cathartic and Laxatives.

* * *

Cascarets act like exercise.

If carried in your Vest Pocket, (or carried in My Lady's Purse,) and eaten just when you suspect you need one, you will never know a sick day from the ordinary ills of life.

* * *

Because, nearly all these ills begin in the Bowels, and partial Constipation paves the way for all other Diseases.

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Be sure you get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company, and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

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Showing size of "Vest Pocket" Cascaret Box compared to Watch.

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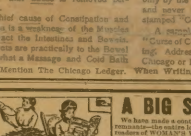
5014 ACCORDION PLAITED BLOUSE 32-40 BUST
5018 GIRL'S DRESS 6-12 YRS
5021 PLAITED FLOUNCE SKIRT 22 32 WAIST
5030 FANCY BLOUSE WAIST 32-40 BUST
5034 NINE GORED WALKING SKIRT 22-32 WAIST
5007 FANCY BLOUSE WAIST 32 40 BUST
5000 BLOUSE JACKET 32-42 BUST
4995 BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST 32-42 BUST
4996 NINE GORED UMBRELLA SKIRT 22-32 WAIST
4998 FANCY BLOUSE WAIST 32-40 BUST
5035 PLAITED WALKING SKIRT 22-30 WAIST
4999 HOUSE JACKET 32-42 BUST
5018 GIRL'S DRESS 6-12 YRS
5002 CONFIRMATION OR GRADUATION DRESS 12-16 YRS
5001 SHIRRED SURPLICE WAIST 32-40 BUST
5004 ETON DRESSING JACKET 32-40 BUST
5013 SURPLICE CORSET COVER 32-40 BUST
5005 BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST 32 40 BUST
5036 TUCK SHIRRED YOKE WAIST 32-40 BUST
5033 SHIRT WAIST SLEEVES SMALL MEDIUM—LARGE
5011 SHIRRED SURPLICE HOUSE GOWN 32-40 BUST
5032 FANCY 32 TO BUST



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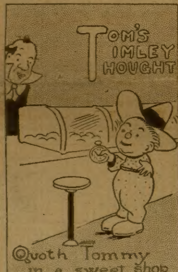
FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

The Curfew.

Long, long ago before even your oldest grandmother was born, people did not have chimneys on their houses. A hole was made in the center of the room, under an opening in the roof, exactly the way that the Indians do in their tepees. When the family went to bed at night time they covered this hole in the roof with a board and threw ashes over the embers to keep the wooden house from catching fire while the people slept. It was the custom in every town and village for a bell to be rung each night warning the inhabitants to cover their fires, put out their lights and go to bed. This bell was called the "curfew" or "cover-fire" bell.

Stern Elder Brother.

One small boy, aged 3, has a sister, aged nearly 2, who had a propensity for upsetting her mother's spool basket. For this offense she has had to be corrected several times, and her brother has become aware of the enormity of the offense. Recently the mother heard a terrible uproar in her room, where the children were together, and, going to see what was the matter, found the little girl weeping, while the boy, looking very conscious of virtue and radiant with efficiency, said: "She tipped over the 'pool basket, mamma, but she's all 'panked."



The Dog and the Fly.

Browny was lying on the porch trying to sleep. It was a hot day in July and he had just had his breakfast. There had been a whole lot of nice chicken bones and a large piece of corn bread, and he was anxious to have a good nap after this hearty meal.

He had closed his eyes and thought he would be asleep in a minute when he heard a low buzzing and felt somebody take a seat on his naked nose. He opened his eyes and saw that it was a fly who sat there as comfortably as if the nose belonged to her.

"Get away there," Browny said, but the fly made only a little jump and sat down again.

"Get away from my nose," the dog growled, "or I'll bite you."

The fly looked at him sideways and said just as frisky as you please, "Don't be so gruff, old boy! I'm a lady and not accustomed to be growled at by gentlemen!"

"Dear me," said Browny, "a lady! Did you ever hear of such an impertinence? You are a common, nasty fly, that's what you are. And now get a move on you or I'll eat you, although I just had my breakfast!"

"I think I'll stay here a while," said the fly. "I like your nose, it is so nice and cool on a hot day like this." Then she tickled the dog with her bill and her feet, just to make him mad.

Browny became very angry when he saw how impudent the fly was and with a sudden movement he snapped at her. The fly, however, was too quick for him. She flew up a foot or so, and, when he had closed his mouth, sat down again on his nose and continued to tickle him.

Browny's wrath grew, but he saw that he could not catch her that way. He therefore closed his eyes, did as if he slept and waited till he thought that the fly did not look at him. Then all at once he snapped, and, although the fly flew up, he jumped after her and—vitch—had her in his mouth.

"Ha, ha, ha," he laughed while he chewed her up, "you won't tickle me any more, you—lady!" And with that he lay down again, and in a minute was asleep.

How Webster Got Even.

The Darrells and the Wights lived not very far apart. But the two farms lay on opposite sides of a river.

The three Darrell boys first met the three Wight girls at a spelling school in the little brick schoolhouse. After the spelling school a friendship developed between the young people, and David thought a whole lot of Janice, while Harvey was paying particular attention to Ada, and Master Webster, not to be outdone, wrote notes to little Jennie and presented her with rolls of peppermint lozenges whenever his scanty stock of pocket money would warrant such extravagance.

When summer came David and Harvey built a foot bridge across the river and thus were enabled to reach the Wight farm very easily. They never would allow Webster to go with them. This unkindness rankled deeply in his youthful breast.

One night he resolved that he would go without asking permission. Accordingly, having changed his clothes he started off ahead of the other boys.

"Where do you think you are going, kid?" David called out.

"I'm going to see Jennie," was the reply in a determined voice.

"Oh, no, Buddie!" said Harvey. "We don't take infants along."

Webster knew it would be useless to protest, but his voice was choked with rage as he shouted after them:

"I'll get even with you fellers, see if I don't."

"You almost scare me," said David. And Harvey advised him to get out his spelling book and study the word "able."

Mournfully Webster took off the necktie that he had spent so much time in arranging. Then a sudden thought dried his tears. He searched hurriedly for a hand saw, fearing lest darkness should come before he could carry out the plan.

Soon some inquisitive fishes thought they saw food floating on the shallow water under the foot bridge, but found to their disgust that it was only sawdust; and a rasping noise over head sent them whisking to hide in a dark pool under the overhanging bank.

A couple of hours later David and Harvey were on their homeward way. The evening had been spent pleasantly, and they whistled and sang as one closely followed the other upon the narrow bridge. When the middle of it was reached there came a loud crack, the music ended abruptly, and there was a mighty splash in the depths below.

"I told you I'd get even," said Webster as the two dripping forms emerged from the water.

Knew Just When to Answer.

There's a wise little child out in Mt. Pleasant. I passed that way one day and he stood at the gate talking to me. Presently his mother called to him.

"Freddy! Freddy!" said she.

The boy, hidden from her by a lilac bush, paid no attention.

"Why don't you answer?" I asked.

He turned a knowing eye upon me.

"I never answer when she says Freddy," he told me. "If she really wants me and is going to spank me if I don't answer, she says 'You Frederick Brown.'"

To Make a Magnet Knife.

Lay the blade of a pocket knife or table knife flat on the back of an ordinary kitchen stove shovel. Then press the round knob of the poker or the fire tongs tightly down on it and rub the knife blade hard, being careful to rub in only one direction—from the handle of the knife to the point.

Turn the blade frequently so that both sides will be rubbed equally well. After doing this steadily for a little more than a minute, the knife blade will have become magnetic and will lift a needle or steel pen with ease.

An Experiment.

It is very wonderful what effects are produced by different kinds of light. Here is an experiment to try with the help of "a grown-up." Put in a soup plate a few tablespoonsful of salt, then pour enough alcohol over the salt to thoroughly saturate it. Put the dish in the middle of a table in a perfectly dark room and ask your guests to sit around it; light the mixture and see how peculiar each person will look.

Wife—Which is the quickest way to send a message? Telephone or telegraph?
Husband—Tell a woman.

A Friendly Suggestion.

Wee Jessie had been brought up with all the modern improvements. When bedtime came Jess was put in her crib, and no matter how long or how loud Jess cried there she had to stay until sleep came to her rescue. When Jess was four a baby brother came to share in her joys and sorrows. One night Jess and the newcomer were put in their cribs and told to go to sleep. The new arrival, not fully understanding the situation, yelled loudly. His mother from an adjoining room heard Jess advise him as follows: "Brother, you might as well stop right now. I've tried it for years, and I'll tell you that it's not a bit of use."

A BIG SLEEP.

An ich-thy-o-sau-rus once thought he would take
A brief antediluvian doze;
He wore a fine tail of a gigantic size,
And a ponderous wart on his nose.

They called him to dinner, they called him to tea,
But aroused him not one little bit;
The big deluge came, and the deluge it went,
But he paid no attention to it.

So it happened at last that he never woke up,
And still slumbers contentedly on;
There are only the bones of him left in the Zoo,
With the whole of the rest of him gone.

First Schoolhouse Flag.

It is claimed that the first flag raised on a schoolhouse was hoisted in Colerain, Franklin County, Mass., in May, 1812. Last May the citizens of the town placed a stone slab on the site of the old schoolhouse, and on the Fourth of July it was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. The flag raised in 1812 was made by Mr. and Mrs. Anasa Shippee, Mrs. Alden Williss and Mrs. Steven Dale from material spun and woven in the different homes of the neighbours.

JIM'S HAIR.

Wish there was a way to swim
That wouldn't wet your hair.
Us fellers can dry all the rest
Right out in the air.
But the folks look at our heads
And scream, "I do declare!
Hurry, father. Look at Jim!
He's been in to have a swim!"